

THE GEOGRAPHIC

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WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT:
Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., K.C.

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By Post, 2s. 6d.



DRAWN BY F. MATANIA

Ex-President Steyn, accompanied by his wife and family, arrived at Southampton early on Saturday morning on board the Union-Castle liner *Caribbean Castle*. Mr. Steyn was met by Messrs. Fischer and Wessels, Boer delegates in Europe, and other friends. They found the ex-President lying on a bed in his cabin, which was on the upper deck. He seemed ill and worn, and wore blue spectacles for the protection of his eyes. Dr. Pouthma, one of the chief officers of the Dutch Ambulance Corps, who is in attendance upon Mr. Steyn, and who is assisted by another doctor and five attend-

ants, said his patient was suffering from nervous prostration. With regard to the decision arrived at to tranship Mr. Steyn to the Dutch steamer *Batavia III*, Dr. Pouthma said that it was felt that Mr. Steyn could not stand the fatigue of a journey to London, so a boat had been engaged to convey him to Holland. Later on Saturday afternoon the steamer *Batavia III* was berthed near the *Caribbean Castle*, and members of her crew went on board the Union-Castle liner with a stretcher and carried Mr. Steyn to the *Batavia III*, which sailed for Holland shortly afterwards.

FROM A SKETCH BY A. KEMP TERRY

THE LANDING OF EX-PRESIDENT STEYN AT SOUTHAMPTON

Topics of the Week

TO-DAY, God willing, the King and his beloved Consort will be crowned in Westminster Abbey.

The Coronation The pageant, as originally conceived, will be shorn of much of its secular splendour on account of the grievous trial which it has pleased an all-wise Providence to impose upon the King and his people. But so far from that circumstance detracting from the majestic significance of the ceremony, it will, we think, intensify it, and throw into more imposing relief its essential solemnity. It is in a spirit of devotional humility and of profound thankfulness for the Divine mercy that the nation approaches to-day the celebration of the great Sacrament which is the Coronation. For it must not be forgotten that this ceremony is indeed a Sacrament—the most solemn moment in the life of the nation. It is, in the words of the inspired Book which plays so large a part in its ritual, “a covenant between the Lord and the King and the People.” It is the consecration of the greatest officer in the State to duties and responsibilities of unparalleled magnitude, a politico-religious ceremony of the profoundest and most soul-stirring meaning. This aspect of the Coronation will not fail to appeal to the nation which, during the last few weeks, has had so much cause for musing on higher things, so much reason for prayer and happily such abundant ground for thankfulness. The severe illness of the King has given this touch of reality to the Coronation Covenant—that it has shown in the outpouring of national sympathy and affection how truly King Edward is the chieftain of the Empire's choice. The great principle of popular election and assent which underlies the Act of Settlement, and which is so clearly assumed throughout the majestic periods of the Coronation Service, has in this way received a sanction such as it has never before attained. The King comes to the official ceremony, crowned already in the hearts of his subjects the possessor of a trust in the shape of the confiding love of his people which must give a new and more vivid inspiration to the solemn obligations and pledges of the Coronation Service.

The Housing of the Working Classes THE recently issued report on the Housing of the Working Classes does not profess to touch more than one of the smaller fringes of the question. It deals almost exclusively with the arrangements that should be made in the case where persons belonging to the working classes have been dispossessed by public improvements. In such cases the report proposes that suitable new provision should be made, and that the central authority should have a general power of supervision. Among the other powers that the Committee proposes to entrust to the central authority is the power of fixing the rents of the new houses. This proposal was, however, only carried by a majority on the Committee, and will certainly excite a good deal of criticism. It appears to spring from the false hypothesis that it is the duty of the community to provide house accommodation in populous neighbourhoods at rents below the market price. Philanthropic persons argue that working men can only afford to pay so much rent, and that, therefore, houses must be let at or below that figure. But why should this rule of philanthropy be applied to houses alone? It would be just as reasonable to argue that working men cannot afford to buy enough bread for their families, if bread is selling above a certain price, and that therefore the State must fix a maximum price for bread. The simple answer to all these appeals is that prices adjust themselves to the needs of the community. If the house rent in London rises so high that a workman on twenty shillings a week can find nowhere to live, either wages must rise, or the industry which employs men at twenty shillings will have to be moved to a cheaper neighbourhood. Either of these alternatives is preferable to the various schemes which have been proposed for giving to a favoured category of workmen specially cheap houses at the expense of the rates. There is no reason why A should be taxed in order to pay part of B's rent, and the moment this primary injustice is committed other evils are set in motion. One of the most hopeful movements of the last few years is the tendency of manufacturers to move their business from crowded centres to country districts. This is a direct consequence of the high wages in large towns, and these high wages are themselves the consequence of high rents. But if the ratepayers of London are to be called upon to pay part of every workman's rent, employers will naturally take advantage of that bounty to their industry, and will keep their works in overcrowded towns instead of removing them into the country.

New London Lungs WHILE the “pious founder” of old times compares to advantage with the modern type in the munificent endowment of hospitals, as much cannot be said for his preservation of open spaces as “London lungs.” But there is this excuse; hospitals were immediately needed for the poor, but it never entered the worthy's head that the Metropolis would so extend as to push the country and its purer air to a long distance. Nor did that perception come home to the modern understanding until the City Corporation had to save Epping Forest from the builder. Since that happy rescue, the preservation and augmentation of open spaces has become quite a fashionable cult, and London can now challenge comparison with any Continental capital in the provision of healthful space proportionate to population. While at one extremity the sylvan stretch of Hainault Forest is about to be reserved for ever as an additional playground for the East End, away in the West civic patriotism has conserved the unrivalled view from Richmond Hill by the purchase of the Marble Hill Estate, and by the arrangement with Lord Dysart. In many other suburbs, notably by the purchase of the Alexandra Palace, the same sort of work has either been accomplished or is about to be taken in hand by local authorities. Everywhere, one comes upon “parks” whose sites ten years ago appeared doomed to disfiguration by the all-pervading bricks and mortar, while in some instances, as at Dollis Hill, it might almost be said that the spirit of conservation has displayed a little too much “intelligent anticipation of coming events.” But that is a fault, if a fault at all, on the right side.

Thames Subways for Pedestrians SHOULD the new tunnel uniting Greenwich and Millwall be found to promote public convenience to a degree commensurate with its very moderate cost, it will not be long before there are a good many other similar subways beneath the Thames. Bridges are too costly for indefinite multiplication, nor is there so much occasion to increase the accommodation for vehicular traffic. But foot people suffer no little loss of time—possibly of temper as well—when they cannot get across the river without making a long, circuitous march. It is essential, therefore, now that such multitudes of work-people dwell in the suburbs, to do what can be done to minimise this standing embarrassment. Tens of thousands of those employed on the northern side reside on the southern side, which now has a population of its own considerably exceeding that of the largest provincial city in the kingdom. In short, the Metropolis must be geographically unified as far as possible, and the provision of subways for pedestrians would apparently be a most useful method of aiding that undertaking. Once constructed, they involve very little expense for maintenance, and in that respect, as also in avoiding waiting, have a manifest advantage over steam ferries. It is also a conspicuous merit that by going under the river instead of over it, as bridges do, they neither intercept its light nor create obstacles to navigation of the “silver stream” by barges and other cumbrous traffic.

Mad Mullahs NOT without reason, the public understanding is becoming terribly confused about the “Mad Mullah.” That ubiquitous priest made his first appearance, if our memory serves, during the Chitral Campaign. Later on he cropped up on the northern frontier of Afghanistan, and was supposed to be preaching a jihad against the infidels generally. After that he flitted about—or was it his shadow?—in the French Soudan, but, although reported as killed, he has turned up again in Somaliland, none the worse for wear. Of course, these several Mullahs had nothing in common except the prefix to their priestly titles, and that was bestowed on them, not by their fellow-countrymen, but by contemptuous foreigners. The epithet “mad” might be quite appropriately applied to the majority of Asiatic fanatics—that is, be applied by Europeans. The holy Fakir who holds one arm straight aloft until it becomes permanently fixed in that position—what is he but insane? Nor can any other judgment be pronounced by civilised people on Mahomedan priests who sacrifice all the comforts of mortal life by egging on their followers to court death. Some of these saints militant are, no doubt, largely inspired by personal ambition; that is the case with the Haddi Mullah, the present Ameer's ghostly comforter. But no one ever calls that desperate intriguer “mad;” the nickname has come to be solely applied to priests who, whatever their demerits, are undoubtedly quite sincere in their desire to convert the whole world to Islam by the simple process of exterminating all human beings who refuse to come into that sacred pale.

The Bystander

“Stand by.”—CAPTAIN CUT:

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

IT has been said that the modern restorer, “with his abominable and uncomfortable pale oak benches, his flashy brasswork, his staring coloured tiles, and his garish stained glass windows, has probably, done even more damage than ever was wrought by the iconoclastic soldiery of a sanctimonious regicide.” This is true enough. Even the efforts of Time, coupled with the wicked depredations of the followers of Cromwell have probably done less injury to fine old churches, notable monuments, and historic buildings, than the culpable ignorance and misplaced energy of the modern tinkering restorer. It is satisfactory to think the watchful eye of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings is ever upon him, and that it has aroused the attention of others with regard to his misdemeanours. The recent report of the society is in the highest degree interesting, and shows what excellent work it is accomplishing in unostentatious fashion. During the past year no less than two hundred and twelve buildings have come before the society, and in the majority of instances its advice and assistance has been the means of preserving valuable and interesting mementos of the past. In this miserable age of what is called “improvement” this excellent society deserves the widest recognition and the most energetic support.

The present period is not only one of “improvement” but of unrest, and the rage for rapidity in everything is unbounded. Let us hope, however, that the latest report on the subject is devoid of foundation. It is said that a Croatian engineer has invented what he calls an aero-hydrostatic boat that will go round the world in a couple of days! I wonder what the passengers would look like when they returned to London after their excursion. Express trains, rapid motor-cars, and swift cycling would soon be disestablished by this new invention. I confess the “Croatian engineer” and the “aero-hydrostatic boat” somehow suggest the gigantic gooseberry which should be now in season, and I have not much belief that we shall be able to undertake any of these rapid voyages at present. Perhaps it would be a good thing if we could, and then people would come to their senses. When everyone can travel at this rate there will be no distinction in doing it. Then, possibly, it will become fashionable to travel slowly; and a most excellent thing both for the brains and comfort of travellers it will be, should such a happy state of things ever come to pass.

The recent rage for the work of certain English engravers of the Eighteenth Century has demonstrated the fact that the word mezzotint is one to conjure with. Any engraving that happens to be a mezzotint has the fact duly emphasised in all sale catalogues. The other day at a little shop in the country I casually asked the price of a worthless print and expressed my surprise at the sum demanded for it. “Perhaps you don't know, sir,” said the proprietor, “that that's a mezzotint!”—with tremendous emphasis on the last word. I replied that I was fully aware of the fact, and that anyone could see it with half an eye. At the same time I added that there were many mezzotints not worth the paper they were printed on. A great many unwary people are being done over the mezzotint craze and are expending large sums over worthless and damaged impressions that they will never recover. I am glad, however, to see at many respectable sale-rooms they are warned nowadays, and the fact of impressions being “reprints” and “cut down” is duly chronicled in the catalogue. People run away with the idea that the country is the place to “pick up” anything at the present time. It is nothing of the kind. In provincial towns just now they have such an exaggerated idea of the value of everything in the curio line, that you generally have to pay twice the price that you would in town, with the addition of the cost of the carriage to London.

Though somewhat late in the day the Venetians seem to have organised a special examination of their public buildings. And from the action subsequently taken it may be inferred that this examination was not before it was required. Let us hope the example set by those in authority in Venice may be quickly followed in London. Recent reports have demonstrated that the stability of St. Paul's is by no means all that could be desired. We should like, however, to be well assured of the safety of Westminster Abbey, the Monument, the Royal Exchange, Westminster Hall, the Houses of Parliament, and countless other public buildings and churches. Supposing the Monument or the Nelson Column were to imitate the Campanile and suddenly subside into a heap of rubbish. But it is to be feared that the two first-mentioned landmarks would not subside. They would very likely do worse; they would probably fall solid, and in that case the damage they would do to life and property would be something tremendous. It must be borne in mind that what with the drainage, tunnels, tubes, and all kinds of underminement, the foundations of London have entirely changed within the last thirty years. When we reflect that there are countless other schemes for tubes projected or being actually carried out, it will be readily admitted that a Commission like the one above alluded to should undoubtedly be organised without any further delay.

It seems to me that the new electric lamp-posts offer unnecessary temptation to sportive medical students and street orators. When once the podium is surmounted—which is by no means a matter of difficulty—there will be found a series of projections in the columns which make the ascent to its summit a matter of the greatest ease. Should the climber reach the top and take his seat in the bifurcation supporting the lamp, he would be extremely difficult to dislodge. Nothing short of the well-directed hose of a fire-engine would be likely to bring him down.

Stander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTT
BY-STERRY

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LONDON	GLASGOW (St. Enoch)	3.15	LONDON	GLASGOW (St. Enoch)	3.15
LONDON	Greenock	3.30	LONDON	Greenock	3.30
LONDON	EDINBURGH (Wav.)	3.45	LONDON	EDINBURGH (Wav.)	3.45
LONDON	Oban	4.00	LONDON	Oban	4.00
LONDON	Fort William	4.15	LONDON	Fort William	4.15
LONDON	Mallaig	4.30	LONDON	Mallaig	4.30
LONDON	Perth	4.45	LONDON	Perth	4.45
LONDON	Dundee	5.00	LONDON	Dundee	5.00
LONDON	Aberdeen	5.15	LONDON	Aberdeen	5.15
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The WORLD'S GREAT
SOMETHING TO TALK A
DIAVOLO LOOPING THE LOOP.

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down a 100 feet incline, Diavolo is thrown
speed of fifty miles an hour, riding a complete sou-
extra charge.

DIAVOLO LOOPING THE LOOP
yet seen. The act is hair-raising in its dar-
Diavolo's entrance and until after making his
spellbound. To Loop the Loop is approached by a
starting at almost the very top of the south-west cor-
building, it inclines at an angle of forty-five de-
coil. Down this incline Diavolo speeds on a whee-
hour, making the circuit of the loop, and in less time
has dismounted, bowing acknowledgments to the
Aquarium to witness the remarkable perform-
most daring feat ever attempted. You see the cyclist
at breakneck speed, you see him as he is about to en-
whirling sound, and you see him on his wheel
the loop, and in another second, and with a whi-
strided his wheel, speeding along safely on to the stage,
everyone with wonderment at his awful daring.
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Topics of the Week

The Coronation

TO-DAY, God willing, the King and his beloved Consort will be crowned in Westminster Abbey. The pageant, as originally conceived, will be shorn of much of its secular splendour on account of the grievous trial which it has pleased an all-wise Providence to impose upon the King and his people. But so far from that circumstance detracting from the majestic significance of the ceremony, it will, we think, intensify it, and throw into more imposing relief its essential solemnity. It is in a spirit of devotional humility and of profound thankfulness for the Divine mercy that the nation approaches to-day the celebration of the great Sacrament which is the Coronation. For it must not be forgotten that this ceremony is indeed a Sacrament—the most solemn moment in the life of the nation. It is, in the words of the inspired Book which plays so large a part in its ritual, “a covenant between the Lord and the King and the People.” It is the consecration of the greatest officer in the State to duties and responsibilities of unparalleled magnitude, a politico-religious ceremony of the profoundest and most soul-stirring meaning. This aspect of the Coronation will not fail to appeal to the nation which, during the last few weeks, has had so much cause for musing on higher things, so much reason for prayer and happily such abundant ground for thankfulness. The severe illness of the King has given this touch of reality to the Coronation Covenant—that it has shown in the outpouring of national sympathy and affection how truly King Edward is the chieftain of the Empire's choice. The great principle of popular election and assent which underlies the Act of Settlement, and which is so clearly assumed throughout the majestic periods of the Coronation Service, has in this way received a sanction such as it has never before attained. The King comes to the official ceremony, crowned already in the hearts of his subjects the possessor of a trust in the shape of the confiding love of his people which must give a new and more vivid inspiration to the solemn obligations and pledges of the Coronation Service.

The Housing of the Working Classes

THE recently issued report on the Housing of the Working Classes does not profess to touch more than one of the smaller fringes of the question. It deals almost exclusively with the arrangements that should be made in the case where persons belonging to the working classes have been dispossessed by public improvements. In such cases the report proposes that suitable new provision should be made, and that the central authority should have a general power of supervision. Among the other powers that the Committee proposes to entrust to the central authority is the power of fixing the rents of the new houses. This proposal was, however, only carried by a majority on the Committee, and will certainly excite a good deal of criticism. It appears to spring from the false hypothesis that it is the duty of the community to provide house accommodation in populous neighbourhoods at rents below the market price. Philanthropic persons argue that working men can only afford to pay so much rent, and that, therefore, houses must be let at or below that figure. But why should this rule of philanthropy be applied to houses alone? It would be just as reasonable to argue that working men cannot afford to buy enough bread for their families, if bread is selling above a certain price, and that therefore the State must fix a maximum price for bread. The simple answer to all these appeals is that prices adjust themselves to the needs of the community. If the house rent in London rises so high that a workman on twenty shillings a week can find nowhere to live, either wages must rise, or the industry which employs men at twenty shillings will have to be moved to a cheaper neighbourhood. Either of these alternatives is preferable to the various schemes which have been proposed for giving to a favoured category of workmen specially cheap houses at the expense of the rates. There is no reason why A should be taxed in order to pay part of B's rent, and the moment this primary injustice is committed other evils are set in motion. One of the most hopeful movements of the last few years is the tendency of manufacturers to move their business from crowded centres to country districts. This is a direct consequence of the high wages in large towns, and these high wages are themselves the consequence of high rents. But if the ratepayers of London are to be called upon to pay part of every workman's rent, employers will naturally take advantage of that bounty to their industry, and will keep their works in overcrowded towns instead of removing them into the country.

New London Lungs

WHILE the “pious founder” of old times compares to advantage with the modern type in the munificent endowment of hospitals, as much cannot be said for his preservation of open spaces as “London lungs.” But there is this excuse; hospitals were immediately needed for the poor, but it never entered the worthy's head that the Metropolis would so extend as to push the country and its purer air to a long distance. Nor did that perception come home to the modern understanding until the City Corporation had to save Epping Forest from the builder. Since that happy rescue, the preservation and augmentation of open spaces has become quite a fashionable cult, and London can now challenge comparison with any Continental capital in the provision of healthful space proportionate to population. While at one extremity the sylvan stretch of Hainault Forest is about to be reserved for ever as an additional playground for the East End, away in the West civic patriotism has conserved the unrivalled view from Richmond Hill by the purchase of the Marble Hill Estate, and by the arrangement with Lord Dysart. In many other suburbs, notably by the purchase of the Alexandra Palace, the same sort of work has either been accomplished or is about to be taken in hand by local authorities. Everywhere, one comes upon “parks” whose sites ten years ago appeared doomed to disfiguration by the all-pervading bricks and mortar, while in some instances, as at Dollis Hill, it might almost be said that the spirit of conservation has displayed a little too much “intelligent anticipation of coming events.” But that is a fault, if a fault at all, on the right side.

Thames Subways for Pedestrians

SHOULD the new tunnel uniting Greenwich and Millwall be found to promote public convenience to a degree commensurate with its very moderate cost, it will not be long before there are a good many other similar subways beneath the Thames. Bridges are too costly for indefinite multiplication, nor is there so much occasion to increase the accommodation for vehicular traffic. But foot people suffer no little loss of time—possibly of temper as well—when they cannot get across the river without making a long, circuitous march. It is essential, therefore, now that such multitudes of work-people dwell in the suburbs, to do what can be done to minimise this standing embarrassment. Tens of thousands of those employed on the northern side reside on the southern side, which now has a population of its own considerably exceeding that of the largest provincial city in the kingdom. In short, the Metropolis must be geographically unified as far as possible, and the provision of subways for pedestrians would apparently be a most useful method of aiding that undertaking. Once constructed, they involve very little expense for maintenance, and in that respect, as also in avoiding waiting, have a manifest advantage over steam ferries. It is also a conspicuous merit that by going under the river instead of over it, as bridges do, they neither intercept its light nor create obstacles to navigation of the “silver stream” by barges and other cumbrous traffic.

Mad Mullahs

NOT without reason, the public understanding is becoming terribly confused about the “Mad Mullah.” That ubiquitous priest made his first appearance, if our memory serves, during the Chitral Campaign. Later on he cropped up on the northern frontier of Afghanistan, and was supposed to be preaching a jihad against the infidels generally. After that he flitted about—or was it his shadow?—in the French Soudan, but, although reported as killed, he has turned up again in Somaliland, none the worse for wear. Of course, these several Mullahs had nothing in common except the prefix to their priestly titles, and that was bestowed on them, not by their fellow-countrymen, but by contemptuous foreigners. The epithet “mad” might be quite appropriately applied to the majority of Asiatic fanatics—that is, be applied by Europeans. The holy Fakir who holds one arm straight aloft until it becomes permanently fixed in that position—what is he but insane? Nor can any other judgment be pronounced by civilised people on Mahomedan priests who sacrifice all the comforts of mortal life by egging on their followers to court death. Some of these saints militant are, no doubt, largely inspired by personal ambition; that is the case with the Haddi Mullah, the present Ameer's ghostly comforter. But no one ever calls that desperate intriguer “mad;” the nickname has come to be solely applied to priests who, whatever their demerits, are undoubtedly quite sincere in their desire to convert the whole world to Islam by the simple process of exterminating all human beings who refuse to come into that sacred pale.

The Bystander

“Stand by.”—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

IT has been said that the modern restorer, “with his abominable and uncomfortable pale oak benches, his flashy brasswork, his staring coloured tiles, and his garish stained glass windows has, probably, done even more damage than ever was wrought by the iconoclastic soldiery of a sanctimonious regicide.” This is true enough. Even the efforts of Time, coupled with the wicked depredations of the followers of Cromwell have probably done less injury to fine old churches, notable monuments, and historic buildings, than the culpable ignorance and misplaced energy of the modern tinkerer and restorer. It is satisfactory to think the watchful eye of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings is ever upon him, and that it has aroused the attention of others with regard to his misdemeanours. The recent report of the society is in the highest degree interesting, and shows what excellent work it is accomplishing in unostentatious fashion. During the past year no less than two hundred and twelve buildings have come before the society, and in the majority of instances its advice and assistance has been the means of preserving valuable and interesting mementos of the past. In this miserable age of what is called “improvement” this excellent society deserves the widest recognition and the most energetic support.

The present period is not only one of “improvement” but of unrest, and the rage for rapidity in everything is unbounded. Let us hope, however, that the latest report on the subject is devoid of foundation. It is said that a Croatian engineer has invented what he calls an aero-hydrostatic boat that will go round the world in a couple of days! I wonder what the passengers would look like when they returned to London after their excursion. Express trains, rapid motor-cars, and swift cycling would soon be disestablished by this new invention. I confess the “Croatian engineer” and the “aero-hydrostatic boat” somehow suggest the gigantic gooseberry which should be now in season, and I have not much belief that we shall be able to undertake any of these rapid voyages at present. Perhaps it would be a good thing if we could, and then people would come to their senses. When everyone can travel at this rate there will be no distinction in doing it. Then, possibly, it will become fashionable to travel slowly; and a most excellent thing both for the brains and comfort of travellers it will be, should such a happy state of things ever come to pass.

The recent rage for the work of certain English engravers of the Eighteenth Century has demonstrated the fact that the word mezzotint is one to conjure with. Any engraving that happens to be a mezzotint has the fact duly emphasised in all sale catalogues. The other day at a little shop in the country I casually asked the price of a worthless print and expressed my surprise at the sum demanded for it. “Perhaps you don't know, sir,” said the proprietor, “that that's a mezzotint!”—with tremendous emphasis on the last word. I replied that I was fully aware of the fact, and that anyone could see it with half an eye. At the same time I added that there were many mezzotints not worth the paper they were printed on. A great many unwary people are being done over the mezzotint craze and are expending large sums over worthless and damaged impressions that they will never recover. I am glad, however, to see at many respectable sale-rooms they are warned nowadays, and the fact of impressions being “reprints” and “cut down” is duly chronicled in the catalogue. People run away with the idea that the country is the place to “pick up” anything at the present time. It is nothing of the kind. In provincial towns just now they have such an exaggerated idea of the value of everything in the curio line, that you generally have to pay twice the price that you would in town, with the addition of the cost of the carriage to London.

Though somewhat late in the day the Venetians seem to have organised a special examination of their public buildings. And from the action subsequently taken it may be inferred that this examination was not before it was required. Let us hope the example set by those in authority in Venice may be quickly followed in London. Recent reports have demonstrated that the stability of St. Paul's is by no means all that could be desired. We should like, however, to be well assured of the safety of Westminster Abbey, the Monument, the Royal Exchange, Westminster Hall, the Houses of Parliament, and countless other public buildings and churches. Supposing the Monument or the Nelson Column were to imitate the Campanile and suddenly subside into a heap of rubbish. But it is to be feared that the two first-mentioned landmarks would not subside. They would very likely do worse; they would probably fall solid, and in that case the damage they would do to life and property would be something tremendous. It must be borne in mind that what with the drainage, tunnels, tubes, and all kinds of undermining, the foundations of London have entirely changed within the last thirty years. When we reflect that there are countless other schemes for tubes projected or being actually carried out, it will be readily admitted that a Commission like the one above alluded to should undoubtedly be organised without any further delay.

It seems to me that the new electric lamp-posts offer unnecessary temptation to sportive medical students and street orators. When once the podium is surmounted—which is by no means a matter of difficulty—there will be found a series of projections in the columns which make the ascent to its summit a matter of the greatest ease. Should the climber reach the top and take his seat in the bifurcation supporting the lamp, he would be extremely difficult to dislodge. Nothing short of the well-directed hose of a fire-engine would be likely to bring him down.



DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON

Captain Percy Scott, R.N., of H.M.S. *Terrible*, arranged for a novel display on June 26. Sailors dressed in white at a given signal descended the ship's side and formed themselves into letters which made up the first line of the National Anthem. The sad news of the King's illness prevented Captain

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. H. ANDERSON

Scott from publishing the hour of the display, and the whole thing was done quietly without any public announcement. About 220 men were used to form the letters

"GOD SAVE THE KING" IN LIVING LETTERS ON H.M.S. "TERRIBLE"



On June 11 the Boer General Froneman and about 800 Boers surrendered near Winburg to General Elliott. Nearly every one handed in a rifle with bandoliers, but, like other commandos which have come in, they had spent nearly all their ammunition in game-shooting since peace was declared. The Boer

General and the Commandants and Field Cornets were allowed to retain their private rifles. Our illustration is from a photograph by Captain Alex. Greg

THE SURRENDER OF A COMMANDO NEAR WINBURG: BOER RIFLES AND BANDOLIERS



Front View
THE QUEEN'S CHAIR OF STATE FOR THE CORONATION

Humble cottage flowers are growing popular. The sweet pea, for instance, once despised, is now the valued inmate of many a grand garden. It is the custom to grow each colour separately and to train them neatly round wire supporters instead of letting them clamber at their own free will over the sticks and larch poles. The result is certainly beautiful and satisfactory, and their perfume as well as their artistic tints make the flowers a great adornment to the garden.

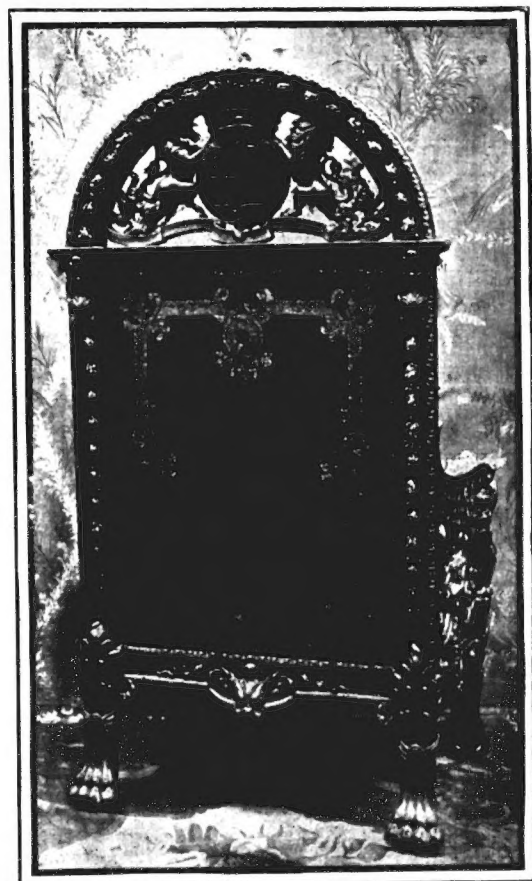
The children have a good time this month. They tuck up their clothes and paddle to their heart's content on the warm, moist sands, or they play in the garden, in sandals, with bare legs. The girls wear short shapeless frocks, which leave them free to do anything they please, and the boys, in white flannel, feel like men. But the grown-up women still wear high-heeled shoes, and smart hats well skewered on by big pins, and gloves and trailing dresses. Curious this! The children are wiser than their mothers!

What becomes of umbrellas? Lord Salisbury once said he did not trust the bishops when advised to take his umbrella to the club. But, seriously, are ordinary people umbrella thieves, or why is it that if you leave an umbrella in a house or a club you rarely find it again? If left in a cab sometimes it is restored to you, but then you have to pay a reward. I am told that in Siam a magnate's dignity is reckoned by his umbrellas; one noble, indeed, calls himself the "Lord of thirty-seven umbrellas." Judging by the quantity of umbrellas we buy and lose, some of us might even aspire to this title. In Africa the size not the number of umbrellas counts. We all remember the golden umbrella of King Prempeh!

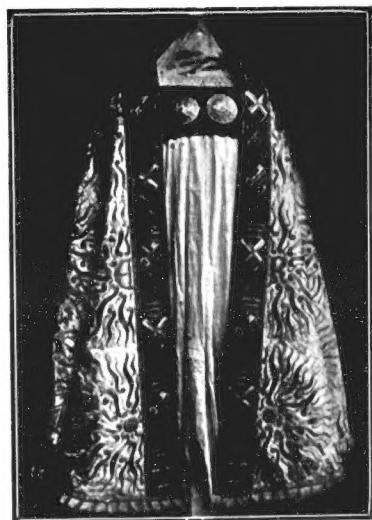
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THE QUEEN'S CORONATION CHAIR

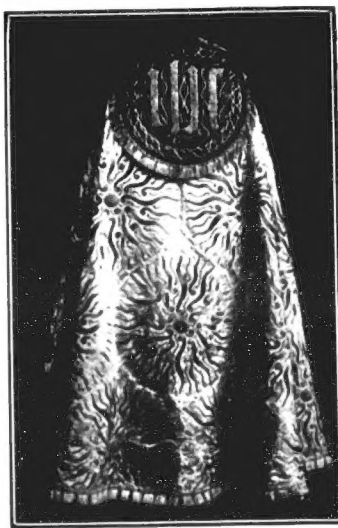
THIS chair, which has been specially made, is not the throne in which the Queen is to be crowned; but her Majesty will use this chair before and after the actual ceremony. The chair is placed on the stage further from the altar than the other one in which the Queen is crowned.



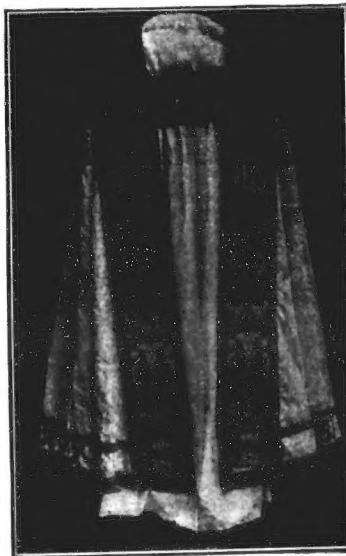
Back View
THE QUEEN'S CHAIR OF STATE FOR THE CORONATION



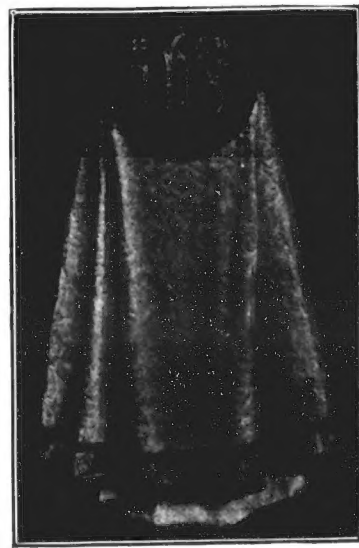
BY THE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS
Front



BY THE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS
Back



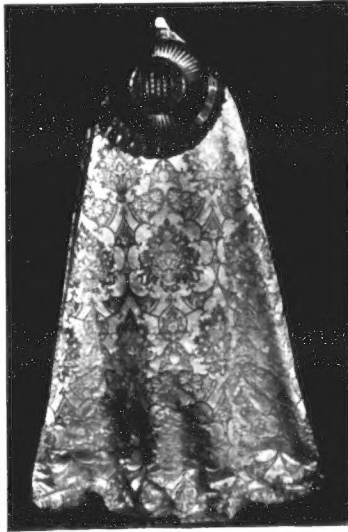
BY THE BISHOP OF OXFORD
Front



BY THE BISHOP OF OXFORD
Back



BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK
Front



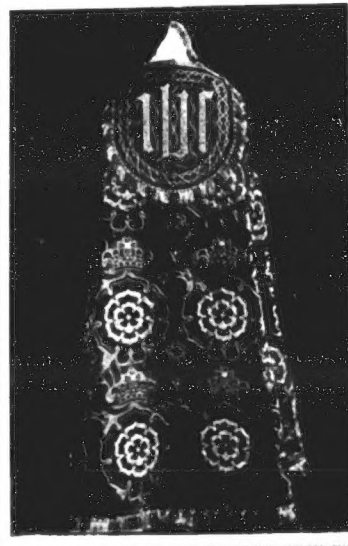
BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK
Back



BY THE BISHOP OF DURHAM
Front

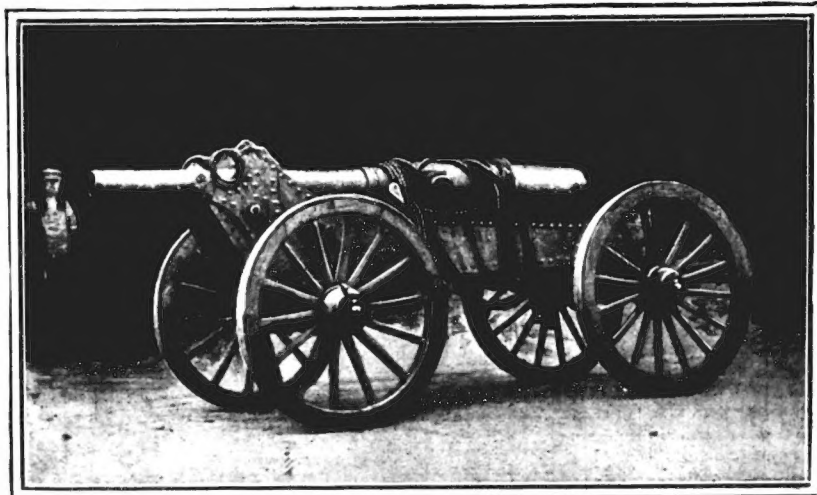


BY THE DEAN AND CANONS OF WESTMINSTER
Front



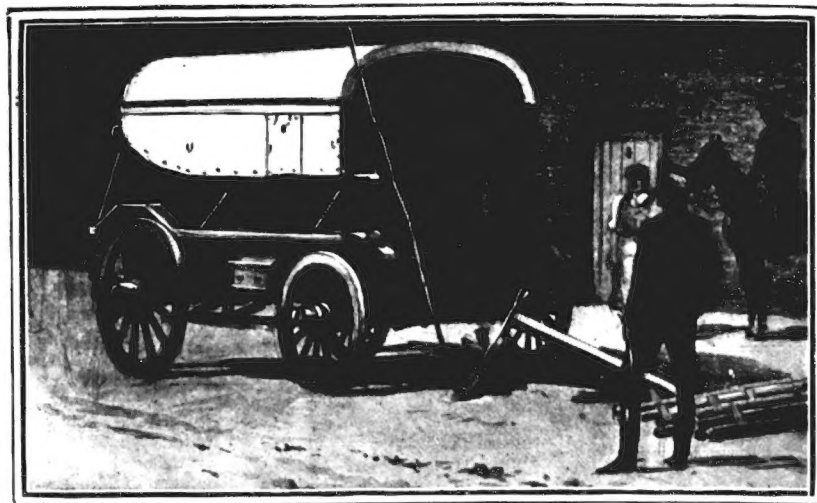
BY THE DEAN AND CANONS OF WESTMINSTER
Back

COPE TO BE WORN AT THE CORONATION OF THE KING



REMAINS OF A GUN DESTROYED BY THE BOERS

Lord Kitchener on his return from South Africa offered to the City of London the ox-wagon—said to have formerly belonged to Mr. Kruger—and the remains of a big gun which the Boers rendered useless when they adopted their guerilla tactics. The Court of Common Council have gratefully accepted the



OX-WAGON, SAID TO HAVE BELONGED TO MR. KRUGER

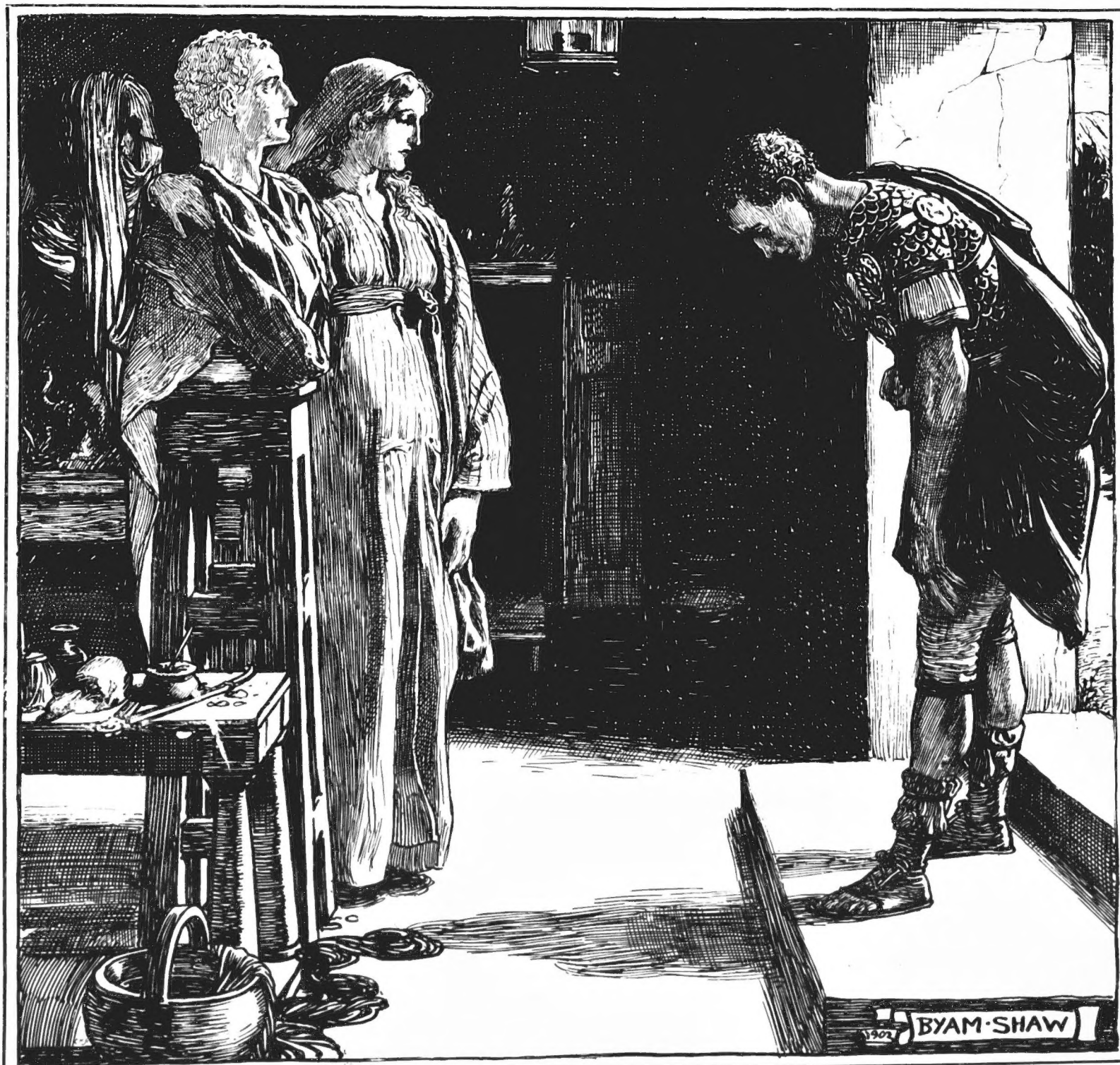
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LORD KITCHENER'S WAR RELICS: TWO PRESENTS TO THE CITY OF LONDON



After the surrender of General Froneman and 800 Boers near Winburg, General De Wet, who had accompanied General Elliott, addressed the burghers, and subsequently General Elliott spoke to them and explained the arrangements that had been made for their welfare. The British and Boer Generals may be seen in the foreground of our photograph, which is by Captain Alex. Greg

THE SURRENDER OF BOERS NEAR WINBURG: A CONFERENCE BETWEEN GENERAL ELLIOTT AND CHRISTIAN DE WET



"At the sight of him she coloured, letting the cloth fall from her hand, which remained about the neck of the marble. 'I ask your pardon, lady Miriam,' said Marcus, bowing gravely, for breaking in thus upon your privacy, but time presses with me."

PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

CHAPTER IX.

THE JUSTICE OF FLORUS

ON the following morning, when the roll of the neophytes of the Essenes was called, Caleb did not appear. Nor did he answer to his name on the next day, or indeed ever again. None knew what had become of him until a while after a letter was received addressed to the Curators of the Court, in which he announced that, finding he had no vocation for an Essenic career, he had taken refuge with friends of his late father in some place not stated. There, so far as the Essenes were concerned, the matter ended. Indeed, as the peasant who was concealed in the gully when the Jew was murdered had talked of what he had witnessed, even the most simple-minded of the Essenes could suggest a reason for Caleb's sudden departure. Nor did they altogether regret it, inasmuch as in many ways Caleb had proved himself but an unsatisfactory disciple, and already they were discussing the expediency of rejecting him from the fellowship of their peaceful order. Had

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they known that when he departed he left behind him a drawn sword and one of his forefingers, their opinion on this point might have been strengthened. But this they did not know, although Miriam knew it through Nehushta.

A week went by, during which time Miriam and Marcus did not meet, as no further sittings were arranged for the completion of the bust. In fact, they were not needful, since she could work from the clay model, which she did till, labouring at it continually, the marble was done and even polished. One morning as the artist was putting the last touches to her labours, the door of the workshop was darkened, and she looked up to see Marcus, who, except for his helmet, was clad in full mail as though about to start upon a journey. As it chanced, Miriam was alone in the place, Nehushta having gone to attend to household affairs. Thus for the first time they met, with no other eyes to watch them.

At the sight of him she coloured, letting the cloth fall from her hand, which remained about the neck of the marble.

"I ask your pardon, lady Miriam," said Marcus, bowing gravely, "for breaking in thus upon your privacy, but time

presses with me so that I lack any to give notice to your guardians of my visit."

"Are you leaving us?" she faltered.

"Yes, I am leaving you."

Miriam turned aside and picked up the cloth, then answered, "Well, the work is done, or will be in a few minutes, so if you think it worth the trouble, take it."

"That is my intention. The price I will settle with your uncles."

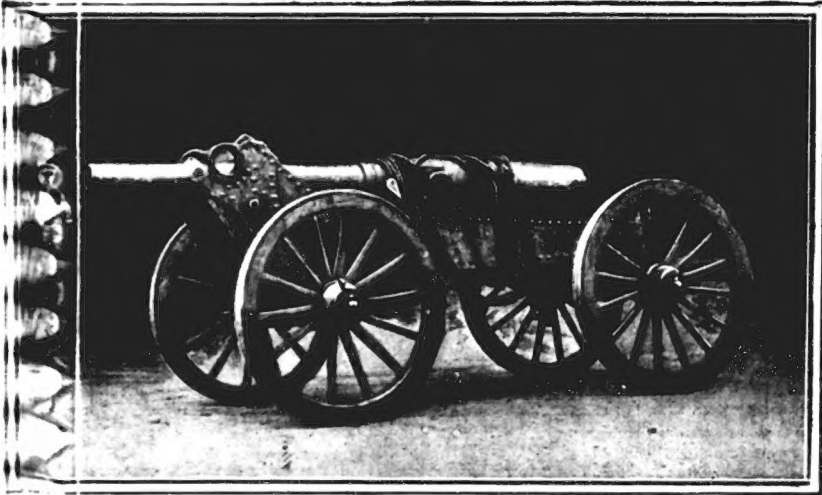
She nodded. "Yes, yes; but if you will permit me, I should like to pack it myself, so that it comes to no harm upon the journey. Also, with your leave, I will retain the model, which by right belongs to you. I am not pleased with this marble, I wish to make another."

"The marble is perfect, but keep the model if you will. I am very glad that you should keep it."

She glanced at him, a question in her eyes, then looked away.

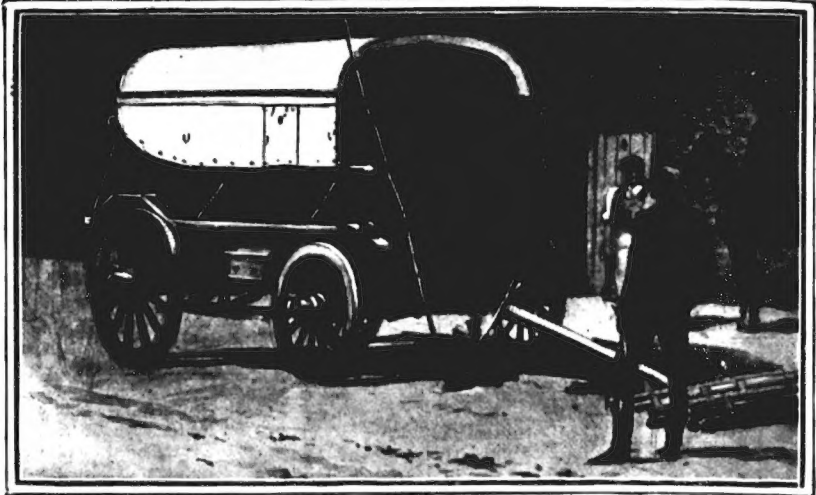
"When do you go?" she asked.

"Three hours after noon. My task is finished, my report, which is to the effect that the Essenes are a most worthy and harmless



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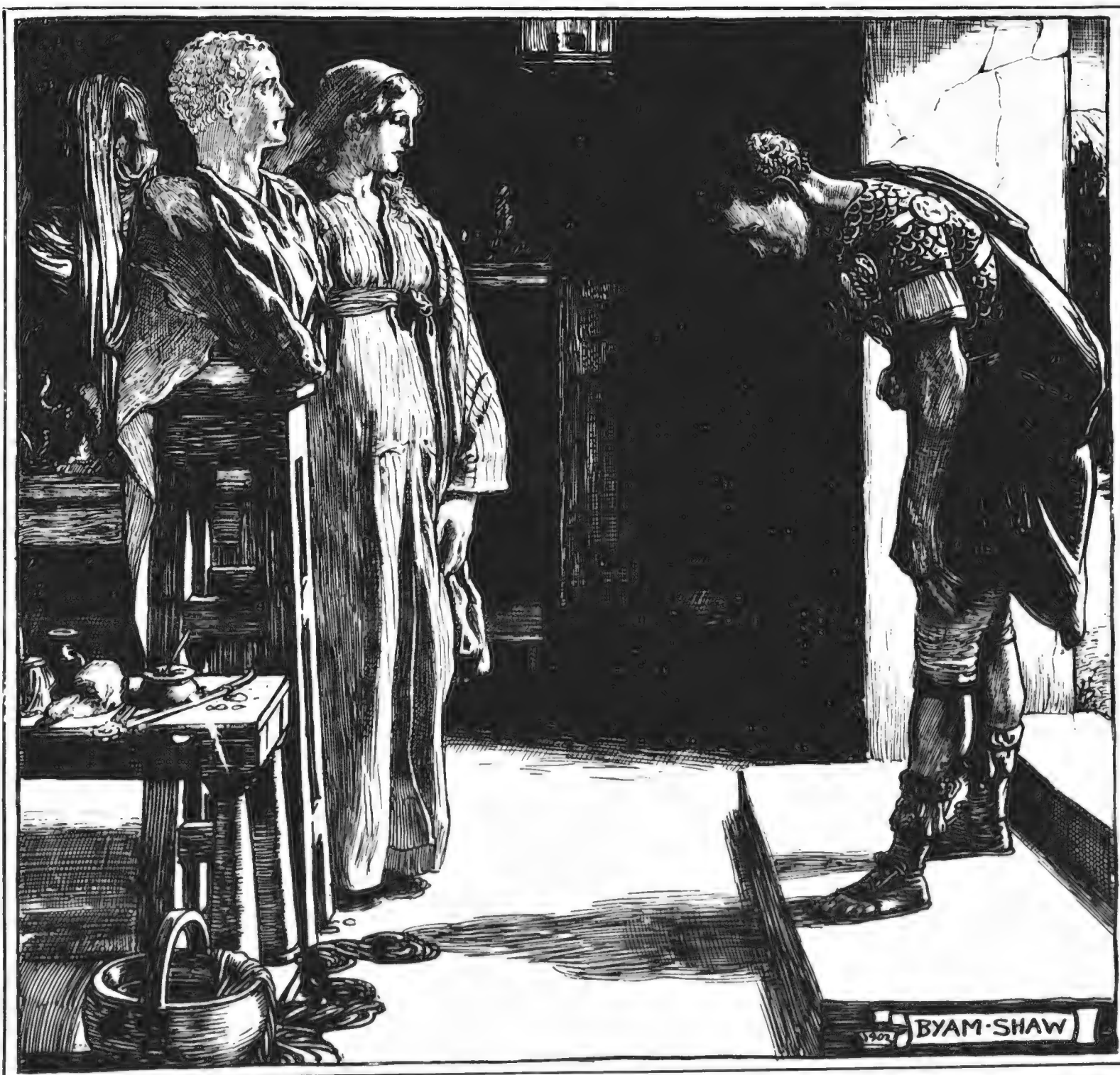
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She nodded. "Yes, yes; but if you will permit me, I should like to pack it myself, so that it comes to no harm upon the journey. Also, with your leave, I will retain the model, which by right belongs to you. I am not pleased with this marble, I wish to make another."

"The marble is perfect, but keep the model if you will. I am very glad that you should keep it."

She glanced at him, a question in her eyes, then looked away.

"When do you go?" she asked.

"Three hours after noon. My task is finished, my report, which is to the effect that the Essenes are a most worthy and harmless

people who deserve to be encouraged, not molested, is written. Also I am called hence in haste by a messenger who reached me from Jerusalem an hour ago. Would you like to know why?"

"If it pleases you to tell me, yes."

"I think that I told you of my uncle Caius who was pro-consul under the late Emperor for the richest province of Spain, and—made use of his opportunities."

"Yes."

"Well, the old man has been smitten with a mortal disease. For aught I know he may be already dead, although the physicians seemed to think he would live for another ten months, or perhaps a year. Being in this case, suddenly he has grown fond of his relation, or rather relation, for I am the only one, and expressed a desire to see me, to whom for many years he has never given a single penny. He has even announced his intention—by letter—of making me his heir "should he find me worthy," which, to succeed Caius, whatever my faults, indeed I am not, since of all men, as I have told him in past days, I hold him the worst. Still, he has forwarded a sum of money to enable me to journey to him in all haste, and with it a letter from the Caesar, Nero, to the procurator Albinus, commanding him to give me instant leave to go. Therefore, lady, it seems wise that I should go."

"Yes," answered Miriam. "I know little of such things, but I think that it is wise. Within two hours the bust shall be finished and packed," and she stretched out her hand in farewell.

Marcus took the hand and held it. "I am loth to part with you thus," he said suddenly.

"There is only one fashion of parting," answered Miriam, striving to withdraw her hand.

"Nay, there are many, and I hate them all—from you."

"Sir," she asked, with gentle indignation, "is it worth your while to play off these pretty phrases upon me? We have met—for an hour, we separate—for a lifetime."

"I do not see the need of that. Oh! the truth may as well out. I wish it least of all things."

"Yet it is so. Come, let my hand go, the marble must be finished and packed."

The face of Marcus became troubled, as though he were reasoning with himself, as though he wished to take her at her word and go, yet could not.

"Is it ended?" asked Miriam presently, considering him with her quiet eyes.

"I think not, I think it is but begun. Miriam, I love you."

"Marcus," she answered steadily, "I do not think I should be asked to listen to such words."

"Why not? They have always been thought honest between man and woman."

"Perhaps, when they are meant honestly, which in this case can scarcely be."

He grew hot and red. "What do you mean? Do you suppose—"

"I suppose nothing, Captain Marcus."

"Do you suppose," he repeated, "that I would offer you less than the place of wife?"

"Assuredly not," she replied, "since to do so would be to insult you. But neither do I suppose that you really meant to offer me that place."

"Yet that was in my mind, Miriam."

Her eyes grew soft, but she answered:

"Then, Marcus, I pray you, put it out of your mind, since between us rolls a great sea."

"Is it named Caleb?" he asked bitterly.

She smiled and shook her head. "You know well that it has no such name."

"Tell me of this sea."

"It is easy. You are a Roman worshipping the Roman gods; I am a Christian worshipping the God of the Christians. Therefore we are for ever separate."

"Why? I do not understand. If we were married you might come to think like me, or I might come to think like you. It is a matter of the spirit and the future, not of the body and the present. Every day Christians wed those who are not Christians; sometimes, even, they convert them."

"Yes, I know; but in my case this may not be—even if I wished that it should be."

"Why not?"

"Because both by the command of my dead father and of her own desire my mother laid it on me with her dying breath that I should take to husband no man who was not of our faith."

"And do you hold yourself to be bound by this command?"

"I do, to the end."

"However much you might chance to love a man who is not a Christian?"

"However much I might chance to love such a man."

Marcus let fall her hand. "I think I had best go," he said.

"Yes."

Then came a pause while he seemed to be struggling with himself.

"Miriam, I cannot go."

"Marcus, you must go."

"Miriam, do you love me?"

"Marcus, may Christ forgive me, I do."

"Miriam, how much?"

"Marcus, as much as a woman may love a man."

"And yet," he broke out bitterly, "you bid me begone because I am not a Christian."

"Because my faith is more than my love. I must offer my love upon the altar of my faith—or, at the least," she added hurriedly, "I am bound by a rope that cannot be cut or broken. To break it would bring down upon my head the curse of Heaven and of my parents, who are its inhabitants."

"And if I became of your faith?"

Her whole face lit up, then suddenly its light died.

"It is too much to hope. This is not a question of casting incense on an altar; it is a matter of a changed spirit and a new life. Oh! have done. Why do you play with me?"

"A changed spirit and a new life! At the best that would take time."

"Yes, time and thought."

"And would you wait that time? Such beauty and such sweetness as are yours will not lack for suitors."

"I shall wait. I have told you that I love you, no other man will be anything to me. I shall wed no other man."

"You give all and take nothing; it is not just."

"It is as God has willed. If it pleases God to touch your heart and to preserve us both alive, then in days to come our lives may be one life. Otherwise they must run apart till perchance we meet—in the eternal morning."

"Oh! Miriam, I cannot leave you thus. Teach me as you will."

"Nay, go, Marcus, and teach yourself. Am I a bait to win your soul? The path is not so easy. Fare you well."

"May I write to you from Rome?" he asked.

"Yes, why not, if by that time you should care to write, who then will have recovered from this folly of the desert and an idle moon?"

"I shall write and I shall return, and we will talk of these matters, so, most sweet, farewell."

"Farewell, Marcus, and the love of God go with you."

"What of your love?"

"My love is with you ever who have won my heart."

"Then, Miriam, at least I have not lived in vain. Remember this always, that much as I may worship you, I honour you still more," and kneeling before her he kissed first her hand, and next the hem of her robe. Then he turned and went.

That night, watching from the roof of her house by the light of the full moon, Miriam saw Marcus ride away at the head of his band of soldiers. On the crest of a little ridge of ground outside the village he halted, leaving them to go on, and, turning his horse's head, looked backward. Thus he stood awhile, the silver rays of the moon shining on his bright armour and making of him a point of light set between two vales of shadow. Miriam could guess whither his eyes were turned and what was in his heart. It seemed to her, even, that she could feel his loving thought play upon her and that with the ear of his spirit he could catch the answer of her own. Then suddenly he turned and was lost in the shadow of the night.

Now that he was gone, quite gone, Miriam's courage seemed to leave her, and leaning her head upon the parapet she wept tears that were soft but very bitter. Suddenly a hand was laid upon her shoulder and a voice, that of old Nehushta, spoke in her ear.

"Mourn not," it said, "since him whom you lose in the night you may find again in the day-time."

"In no day that dawns from an earthly sun, I fear me, Nou. Oh! Nou, he has gone, and taken my heart with him, leaving in its place a throbbing pain which is more than I can bear."

"He will come back; I tell you that he will come back," she answered, almost fiercely, "for your life and his are intertwined, yes, to the end—a single cord bearing a double destiny. I know it; ask me not how, but be comforted, for it is truth. Moreover, though it be much, your pain is not more than you can bear, else it would never be laid upon you."

"But, Nou, if he does come back, what will it help me, who am built in by this strict command of them that begat me, to break through which would be to sin against and earn the curse of God and man?"

"I do not know; I only know this, that in that wall, as in others, a door will be found. Trouble not for the future, but leave it in the hand of Him Who shapes all futures. Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof. So He said. Accept the saying and be grateful. It is something to have gained the love of such an one as this Roman, for, unless the wisdom which I have gained through many years is at fault, he is true and honest, and that man must be good at heart who can be reared in Rome and in the worship of its gods and yet remain honest. Remember these things, and I say be grateful, since there are many who go through their lives knowing no such joy, even for an hour."

"I will try, Nou," said Miriam, humbly, still staring at the ridge whence Marcus had vanished.

"You will try, and you will succeed. Now there is another matter of which I must speak to you. When the Essenes received us it was solemnly decreed that if you lived to reach the full age of eighteen years you must depart from among them. That hour struck for you nearly a year ago, and, although you heard nothing of it, this decree was debated by the Court. Now such decrees may not be broken, but it was argued that the words 'full age of eighteen years' meant and were intended to mean until you reached your nineteenth birthday, that is—in a month from now."

"Then must we go, Nou?" asked Miriam in dismay, for she knew no other world but this village in the desert, and no other friends but these venerable men whom she called her uncles.

"It seems so, especially as it is now guessed that Caleb fought the Captain Marcus upon your account. Oh! that tale is talked of—for one thing the young wild-cat left a claw behind him which the gardener found."

"I trust then it is known also that the fault was none of mine. But, Nou, whither shall we go who have neither friends, nor home, nor money?"

"I know not, but doubtless in this wall also there is a door. If the worst comes to the worst a Christian has many brothers; moreover, with your skill in the arts you need never lack for a living in any great city in the world."

"It is true," said Miriam, brightening, "that is, if I may believe Marcus and my old master."

"Also," continued Nehushta, "I have still almost all the gold that the Phœnician Amram gave us when I fled with your mother, and added to it that which I took from the strong box of the captain of the galley on the night when you were born. So have no fear, we shall not want, nor indeed would the Essenes suffer such a thing. Now, child, you are weary, go to rest and dream that you have your lover back again."

It was with a heavy heart that Caleb, defeated and shamed, shook the dust of the village of the Essenes off his feet. At dawn on the morning after the night that he had fought the duel with Marcus, he also might have been seen, a staff in his bandaged hand and a bag of provisions upon his shoulder, standing upon the little ridge and gazing towards the house which sheltered Miriam. In love and war things had gone ill with him, so ill that at the thought of his discomfiture he ground his teeth. Miriam cared nothing for him; Marcus had defeated him at the first encounter and given him his life; while, worst of all, these two from whom he had endured so much loved each other. Few, perhaps, have suffered more sharply than he suffered in that hour, for what agonies are there like those of disappointed love and the shame of defeat when endured in youth? With time most men grow accustomed to disaster and rebuff. The colt that seems to break its heart at a cut of the whip, will hobble at last to the knacker unmoved by a shower of blows.

While Caleb looked, the red rim of the sun rose above the horizon, flooding the world with light and life. Now birds began to chirp, and beasts to move; now the shadows fled away. Caleb's impressionable nature answered to this change. Hope stirred in his breast, even the pain of his maimed hand was forgotten.

"I will win yet," he shouted to the silent sky; "my troubles are done with. I will shine like the sun; I will rule like the sun, and my enemies shall wither beneath my power. It is a good omen. Now I am glad that the Roman spared my life, that in a day to come I may take his—and Miriam."

Then he turned and trudged onward through the glorious sunlight, watching his own shadow that stretched away before him.

"It goes far," he said again; "this also is a very good omen."

Caleb thought much on his way to Jerusalem; moreover he talked with all whom he met, even with bandits and footpads whom his poverty could not tempt, for he desired to learn how matters stood in the land. Arrived in Jerusalem he sought out the home of that lady who had been his mother's friend and who gave him over, a helpless orphan, to the care of the Essenes. He found that she was dead, but her son lived, a man of kind heart and given to hospitality, who had heard his story and sheltered him for his mother's sake. When his hand was healed and he had procured some good clothes and a little money from his friend, without saying anything of his purpose, Caleb attended the court of Gessius Florus, the Roman procurator, at his palace, seeking an opportunity to speak with him.

Thrice did he wait thus for hours at a time, on each occasion to be driven away at last by the guards. On his fourth visit he was more fortunate, for Florus, who had noted him before, asked why he stood there so patiently. An officer replied that the man had a petition to make.

"Let me hear it then," said the Governor. "I sit in this place to administer justice by the grace and in the name of Caesar."

Accordingly, Caleb was summoned and found himself in the presence of a small, dark-eyed, beetle-browed Roman with cropped hair, who looked what he was—one of the most evil rulers that ever held power in Judæa.

"What do you seek, Jew?" he asked in a harsh voice.

"What I am assured I shall find at your hands, O most noble Florus, justice against the Jews, pure justice," words at which the courtiers and guards tittered, and even Florus smiled.

"It is to be had at a price," he replied.

"I am prepared to pay the price."

"Then set out your case."

So Caleb set it out. He told how many years before his father had been accidentally slain in a tumult, and how he, the son, being but an infant, certain Jews of the Zealots had seized and divided his estate on the ground that his father was a partisan of the Romans, leaving him, the son, to be brought up by charity, which estate, consisting of tracts of rich lands and certain house property in Jerusalem and Tyre, was still in their possession or that of their descendants.

The black eyes of Florus glistened as he heard.

"Their names," he said, snatching at his tablets. But as yet Caleb was not minded to give the names. First, he intimated that he desired to arrive at a formal agreement as to what proportion of the property, if recovered, would be handed over to him, the heir. Then followed much haggling, but in the end it was agreed that as he had been robbed because his father was supposed to favour the Romans, the lands and a large dwelling with warehouse attached at Tyre, together with one-half the back rents, if recoverable, should be given to the plaintiff. The governor, or as he put it, Caesar, for his share, was to retain the property in Jerusalem and the other half of the rents. In this arrangement Caleb proved himself, as usual, prescient. Houses, as he explained afterwards, could be burned or pulled down, but beyond the crops on it, land no man could injure. Then, after the agreement had been duly signed and witnessed, he gave the names, bringing forward good testimony to prove all that he had said. Within a week those Jews who had committed the theft, or their descendants, were in prison, whence they did not emerge till they had been stripped, not only of the stolen property but of everything else that they possessed. Either because he was pleased at so great and unexpected a harvest, or perhaps for the reason that he saw in Caleb an able fellow who might be useful in the future, Florus fulfilled his bargain with him to the letter.

Thus it came about that by a strange turn of the wheel of chance, within a month of his flight from the colony of the Essenes, Caleb, the outcast orphan, with his neck in danger of the sword, became a man of influence, having great possessions. His sun had risen indeed.

(To be continued)



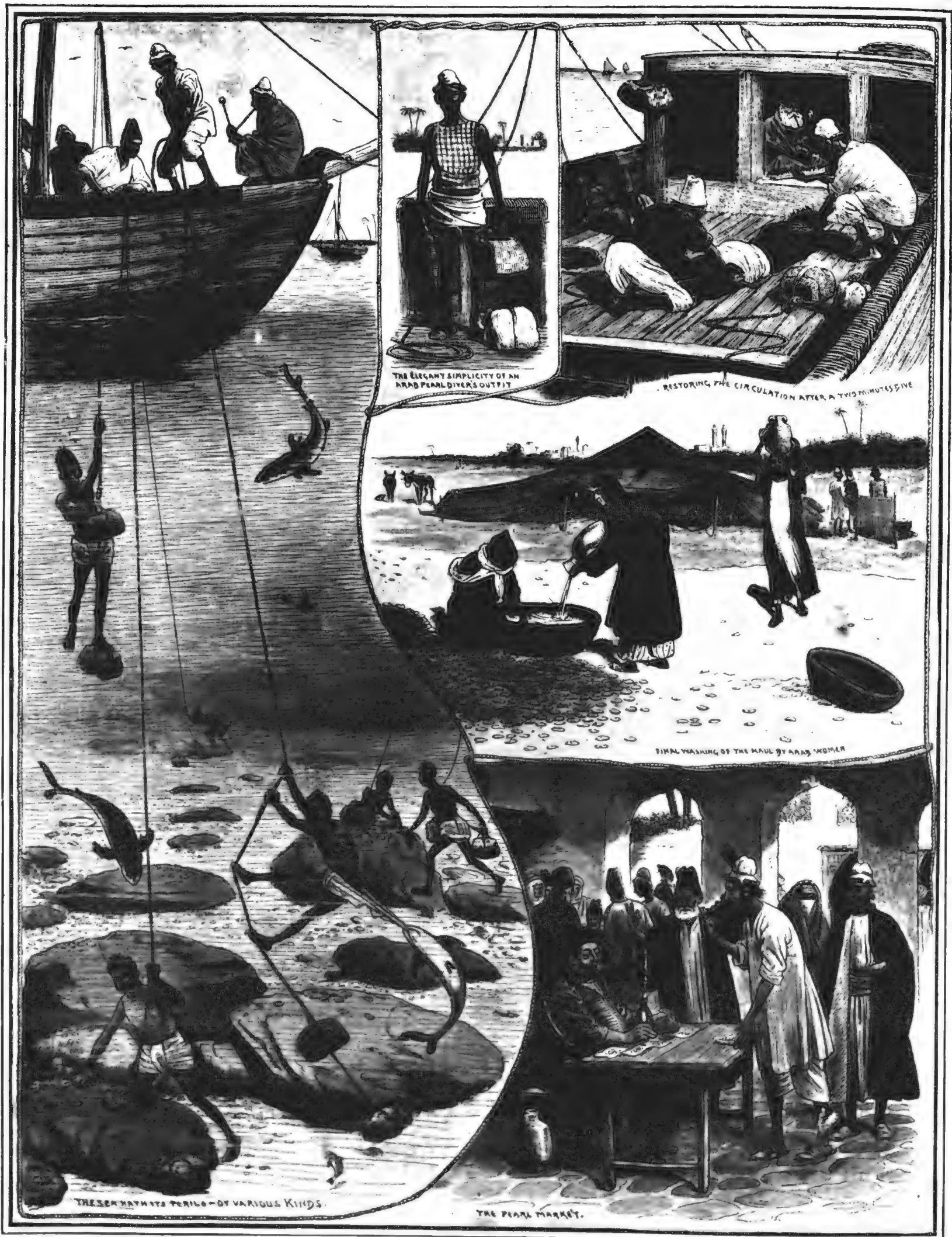
The King and Queen, with Princess Victoria, returned to London from Cowes on Wednesday. Their Majesties landed at Portsmouth at 3.20, and travelled by special train to Victoria, where they were met by the Prince of Wales. Two hanters, each with four horses, were

waiting at the station, and in these the Royal party, headed by an escort of 1st Life Guards, drove to Buckingham Palace by way of Grosvenor Gardens, Grosvenor Place, Hyde Park Corner, and Constitution Hill. The longer route was chosen in order to gratify a general desire

on the part of the public to see and welcome the King. All along the route His Majesty met with an enthusiastic reception

THE KING'S RETURN TO LONDON: THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING GROSVENOR PLACE

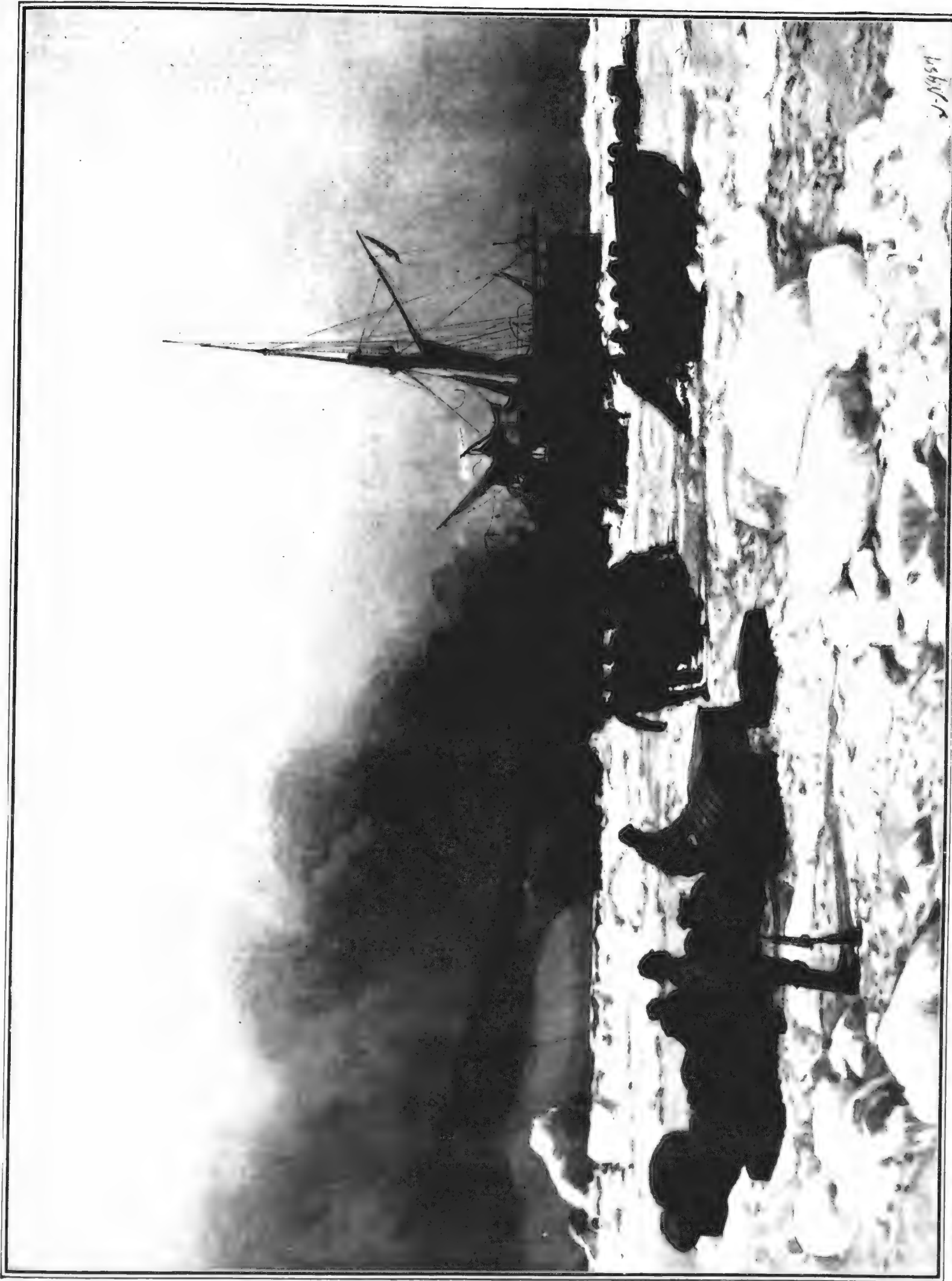
DRAWN BY F. MATANIA



DRAWN BY W. BALSTON

PEARL FISHING IN THE PERSIAN GULF

FROM SKETCHES BY ALFRED TAYLOR



DRAWN BY J. SMITH, R.I.

The Norwegian Polar ship *Cape Flora*, of Sunderland, sailed on March 2 from Norway for the Polar regions, on a voyage of seal fishing, and soon after sailing she got into the drift ice. On Easter morning she sighted the barque *Viktor* from Arendal, also among the ice. The *Cape Flora* was then in a position to see the *Viktor* at once gave orders to lower a boat on to the ice, and the crew then dragged the boat over the ice a distance of four miles to the *Cape Flora*. On arrival there it was at once seen the vessel would be a total loss, as she was in a mass of flames from stem to stern. All the crew of the *Cape Flora* were on the ice with as much of their belongings as they could get.

ings and provisions could be got out of the burning vessel in so short a time. All hands joined in to drag the rescued articles over the ice to the *Viktor*, and this was accomplished in a very short time. The *Cape Flora* was then in a position to see the *Viktor* at once gave orders to lower a boat on to the ice, and the crew then dragged the boat over the ice a distance of four miles to the *Cape Flora*. On arrival there it was at once seen the vessel would be a total loss, as she was in a mass of flames from stem to stern. All the crew of the *Cape Flora* were on the ice with as much of their belongings as they could get.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY G. FINE WARD

finally succeeding in getting into Isafjord, or "Isford," on the N.W. of Iceland, where the forty-five men and captain of the *Cape Flora* were landed. Captain Stuck, of the burnt vessel *Cape Flora*, is a well-known man in the Polar regions, and his eldest son was in charge of the expedition which was lost from the Duke of the Abruzzi's Italian North Pole Expedition. Last year Captain Stuck and his son had went in search of the lost son of an Ibrother, but without result. The Duke of the Abruzzi erected a stone monument in San Franz Joseph Land, at Cape Flora, to the memory of young Stuck.

A NORWEGIAN SEALING SHIP ON FIRE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. MARK COOK, CHESTER

As everyone knows, the judges, when at Assize towns, are attended by javelin-men. At Chester these men were the other day clad for the first time in beefeater costume, which made them look very picturesque.

A NEW COSTUME FOR JAVELIN-MEN

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

IN its last week before the holidays the House of Commons has been working double tides. The Twelve o'clock Rule suspended, the House meeting at two o'clock in the afternoon, has sat till various hours in the morning. As usual, much important work has drifted over till the last week of the Session and must needs, somehow, be shovelled out. In addition, Mr. Balfour has insisted upon passing the seventh clause of the Education Bill before the adjournment, and the Opposition have been equally determined that he should not have his heart's desire. The consequence has been late sittings, angry speeches and occasional scenes, testifying to the fact that in these comparatively humdrum times the old controversial spirit in the House of Commons is not dead but sleeping.

The Education Bill has in marked measure had the effect of re-uniting and inspiring the Opposition. Two accidental circumstances combined to further this phenomenon. The war over, a party long divided against itself gratefully closed up its ranks in fight against the common enemy. Then came the unexpected and startling result of the Leeds election, for them happening just in the nick of time. Lord Rosebery's remarks on the episode have had a tendency to bring about fresh disruption. But it has not affected the front Liberals present to the Education Bill.

To no man more than to the Prime Minister will the holidays be welcome. He has had a terrible time with the Education Bill. The nearest parallel to his labour is the case of Mr. Gladstone, ten years ago, piloting his Home Rule Bill through Committee. In both cases the Premiers, taking personal charge of the measure, have insisted upon personally performing the drudgery of work. In the Vice-President of the Council, nominally the representative of the Educational Department in the Chamber, Mr. Balfour has had at hand an able assistant, a master of the whole case. On the first night he assumed the Premiership it seemed he was prepared to delegate some of the work. Sir John Gorst was left to reply to various amendments, acquitting himself in a manner that suggested the convenience and appropriateness of enlarging the experiment. The next night the Premier went back to his older manner of personally replying, and has since maintained it.

The peculiarity of the situation further is that the debate is all on one side. It is a familiar practice with well-disciplined Ministerialists that, whenever the Opposition show themselves exceptionally fractious, they find the most efficacious method of meeting the attack in Brer Rabbit's well-known tactics. They "lay low and say nuffin." Significant variation from this rule has been found in dealing with the seventh clause, several loyal Ministerialists interposing to urge Mr. Balfour to come to some compromise on the management of Voluntary schools.

It being decided to carry the Appropriation Bill before the adjournment for the holidays, the week has seen the preposterous spectacle of over three hundred gentlemen, some getting on in years, marching round and round the Division Lobbies, dealing with the expenditure of millions of public money. There is no pretence of investing the procedure with approach to reasonableness. Contrary to earlier habit, members have not even cried "Gag! gag!" when, at ten o'clock on appointed nights, Supply has been driven through by process of wholesale closure. What happens is, the Chairman of Ways and Means recites the terms of the Votes as they are reached. He puts the question, and there are alternate shouts of "Aye" and "No." "I think the Ayes have it," says the Chairman. "No," shout the Irish members, rejoicing in temporary freedom from the necessity, imposed by their purchase-price in the matter of the Education Bill, of backing up Ministers. "Strangers will withdraw," says the Chairman. The sand glass at the Table is turned. When it empties itself the question is put again with the same result, and members stroll forth into the Division Lobby.

There is no doubt about the result, no sacred principle at issue. If there were it would suffice business men, having entered by their first vote their protest in the form of a division, to shout "No" when successive votes were submitted, and bow to the irresistible *force majeure*. There is too much reason to believe that the opportunity is seized by errant members to run up the score of their votes with a view to decent record for the Session.

Our Portraits

M. COMBES, the French Minister of the Interior, who has brought about the abolition of the religious schools in France, is a man who, if not a great statesman, has at least a tenacity which amounts to obstinacy and a force of character which makes him assume full responsibility for his acts. The present action of the Ministry, says our Paris correspondent, is undoubtedly illiberal and arbitrary to a degree. It can only be justified by the untiring hostility of the Religious Orders to the Republic. All that has remained of the former ecclesiastic in M. Combes are the soft white hands and the quiet gestures of the preacher when he speaks. He is a man of immense knowledge; the librarian of the Senate probably knows better than anyone his tireless capacity for study. As long as he remains at the Place Beauvais the Ministry of the Interior will not rank among the "fashionable" Ministries. He is at his desk every morning at five o'clock, and by ten o'clock in the evening the Ministry of the Interior is plunged in darkness. His two principal secretaries—his son, M. Edgar Combes, and M. Feret—are like their chief. They, too, are up with the lark, and the *huissiers* of the Ministry are forced to be on duty at hours to which they are far from being accustomed. M. Combes is the most abstemious of men. He drinks nothing but water, and is never seen in a theatre. His chief distraction is to lock himself up in his study with a volume of Kant on Herbert Spencer. There is, therefore, but little chance that noisy street demonstrations will turn him from his purpose, which is to reassert the supreme authority of the State over the Religious Orders. Our portrait is by E. Pirou, Paris.

Sir Edward Hertslet, K.C.B., had served at the Foreign Office for fifty-six years. Sir Edward bore a name which has been associated with the Foreign Office for generations. A Hertslet was there in 1795. The late knight's father, Mr. Lewis Hertslet, was



FOURDRESS MOUNTED ON LIBERTY SILK. The square bolero is edged with guipure insertion, which also appears on the short sleeves. Crystalline silk muslin forms the front, cravat, and the puffs finishing the sleeves. The skirt is pleated on the hips and has a flounce trimmed with guipure insertion.

A SUMMER COSTUME

there in 1801, and stayed until after the Crimean War. Son succeeded father in the important office of librarian, an office which Sir Edward only relinquished six years ago. It was for his work at the Berlin Congress that Queen Victoria gave him his C.B. in 1878. Sir Edward, who was seventy-eight years of age, had recently undergone an operation from which he never really rallied. Our portrait is by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.

Lieut.-General Sir Edward Newdigate-Newdigate, K.C.B., was seventy-seven years of age, and had only recently had his right leg amputated. His left leg had been taken off some time before. He was a son of the late Mr. Francis Newdigate, D.L., of Kirk Hallam, Derby, by his marriage with Lady Barbara Maria, daughter of George, third Earl of Dartmouth. He entered the Rifle Brigade in May, 1842, served as a captain in the Crimea, was wounded at Inkerman, and received the brevet rank of major. After the war he saw considerable staff service, and in 1879 he was appointed Major-General commanding the 2nd Division in the Zulu war. He was present at the engagement at Ulundi, where he was second in command, and being again mentioned in despatches received the C.B. He was Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Bermudas from 1887 to 1892, and in 1894 was made a K.C.B. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. David James Shackleton, of Darwen, who has been returned unopposed for Clitheroe, to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation to the peerage of Sir U. Kay-Shuttleworth, is a son of Mr. William Shackleton, a watchmaker, of Cloughfold, in Rossendale, where he was born on November 8, 1863. He was sent early to the mill as a half-timer to learn weaving, and joined in 1884 the Accrington and District Weavers' Association, being the same year elected a member of the committee. The following year he was appointed



The cup presented by the King to the Royal Yacht Squadron, to be raced for by yachts belonging to the Squadron, was won by Sir James Pender's *Brynild*, the Kaiser's *Meteor* being second. The cup is a silver gilt two-handled strap cup. On one side is a medallion of the King, and on the other the Royal monogram and crown. The height of the cup is 20½ inches. It was designed and manufactured by Rowlands and Fraser, 146, Regent Street.

THE KING'S CUP FOR THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON

deals. He has, too, had experience of Congregational authority as General of the Carmelites.

Lieutenant Rosenstock von Rhoeneck was the officer in command of torpedo-boat S. 42 of the Imperial German Navy, bound from Heligoland to Cuxhaven, which was run down on the night of June 24, near Lightship No. 4, at the mouth of the Elbe by an English steamer. The torpedo-boat sank in five minutes in the fairway. The commander, Lieutenant Rosenstock von Rhoeneck, two petty officers, one seaman, and a stoker were drowned and the boat's steward was crushed to death in the collision.

Geheimrath Busley, one of the chief constructors of the German Admiralty, and four Englishmen who were returning from the Dover-to-Heligoland yacht race and one servant, with the remainder of the crew, were saved, some of them by the steamer and some by the Bremen lighter *Mercur*. The last command of Lieutenant Rosenstock von Rhoeneck was that the Englishmen were the first to be taken into the boat, and through his gallantry they were saved, though he himself was drowned. When King Edward heard of the sad occurrence after his operation he telegraphed his deep regret to the German Emperor, expressing at the same time his appreciation of the young lieutenant's heroic conduct, and received in return a sympathetic reply from the Emperor. Only a few days since the Emperor sent the following telegram to Captain Rosenstock von Rhoeneck, the young officer's father:—"The survivors of the crew of Torpedo-boat S. 42 have just stood before me. I could not look upon them without thinking of the heroic devotion of your son, Lieut. Rosenstock von Rhoeneck. His forethought and noble zeal for duty did not desert him in the moment of peril. To the last he stood by his ship and thought only of saving the lives of others. May the gallant conduct of your son help you to bear your heavy loss of him, whom I, like my Navy, deeply mourn. This grief is shared, too, by the King of England and the British Navy, as you will have seen from His Majesty's telegram at the time. (Signed) WILHELM, I.R." Lieutenant Rosenstock von Rhoeneck, entered the German Navy in 1890, and was promoted on April 15, 1902, to the rank he held at the time of his death.

Mr. George Dalziel, one of the famous brothers so intimately connected with the best period of English wood engraving, was the fourth son of the late Mr. Alexander Dalziel, of Wooler, Northumberland, and Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was born on December 1, 1815, and consequently was in his eighty-seventh year. He came to London in 1835, as a pupil of the late Mr. Charles Gray, wood



M. COMBES
Who has put in execution the decree closing religious schools in France



THE EARL OF ELGIN
Chairman of the War Inquiry Committee



THE LATE SIR E. NEWDIGATE-NEWDIGATE
Crimean Veteran



THE LATE MR. GEORGE DALZIEL
A Famous Engraver



THE LATE LIEUT. ROSENSTOCK VON RHOENECK
Drowned when the German torpedo-boat S. 42 was run down by a British steamer



THE LATE SIR EDWARD HERTSLET
Late Librarian of the Foreign Office



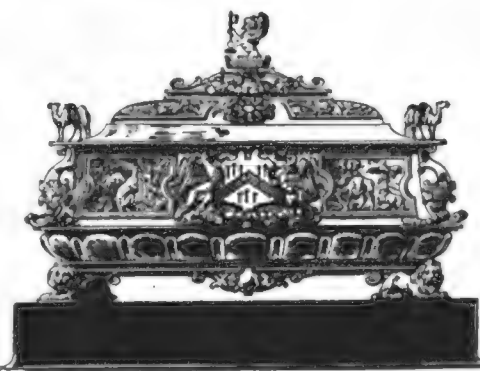
MR. D. J. SHACKLETON
New M.P. for Clitheroe Division



CARDINAL GOTTI
The New Prefect of the Propaganda

an auditor, and in 1888, in his twenty-fifth year, was elected president, a position which he held till the beginning of 1893, when he removed to Ramshotbottom, to become secretary of the Power Loom Weavers' Association of that district. In May, 1894, he was appointed secretary of the Darwen Weavers, Winders, and Wappers' Association. Mr. Shackleton is a member, vice-president and trustee of the Northern Counties Amalgamated Association of Weavers, and a member of the committee appointed by the operatives to confer with other textile organisations, etc., with respect to any amendment of the law regulating factory labour. He entered the Darwen Town Council in 1895 as the nominee of the local Trades Council as one of the representatives of the North-East Ward, his return being unopposed. Mr. Shackleton was for several years secretary of the Liberal Association for the North-East Ward of Accrington, but since settling in Darwen has not taken any active part in party politics. Our portrait is by Lindsey, Darwen.

The new Prefect of the Propaganda, Cardinal Gotti, who succeeds Cardinal Ledochowski in an office which is the greatest prize in the gift of the Pope, was born in 1834, and it was not until seven years ago that he received the Cardinal's hat. He acted for some time as Apostolic Delegate in the East and in the Brazils, and he has had a large experience of the missions with which the Propaganda



The Grocers' Company presented to Mr. Chamberlain a gold casket. It bore the Arms of the Company. There were five panels, containing representations of the animals peculiar to Australia and Canada, and views of Boers with wagons and bales of goods. These panels were flanked by two others, having therein figures of "Justice" and "Peace." The casket was manufactured by Messrs. R. and S. Garrard and Co., Goldsmiths to the Crown.

PRESENTATION TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN

engraver, and four years later he was joined by his brother Edward, who, formerly engaged in business pursuits, gave himself up entirely on coming to London to painting, drawing, and engraving on wood. A few years later they were joined by another brother, John, and in this combination they practised for over fifty years as the Brothers Dalziel, producing numerous fine art illustrated books, which had a wide popularity and immense sale. Among these may be mentioned "Dalziel's Bible Gallery," "Staunton's 'Shakespeare,'" illustrated by Sir John Gilbert, "Dalziel's 'Arabian Nights,'" the illustrations by Milais, Tenniel, &c., "Dalziel's 'Goldsmith' and 'Bunyan,'" and "Poets of the Nineteenth Century." Mr. George Dalziel has published three volumes of poems and several volumes of short stories. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Lord Elgin has been appointed Chairman of the Commission now in process of formation to inquire into the conduct of the South African War. Lord Elgin, who was born in Canada, is fifty-three years of age. His father was a distinguished Viceroy of India, and another of his ancestors was the well-known Ambassador to Turkey who collected the Elgin marbles. He himself preceded Lord Curzon as Viceroy of India. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



THE SEASON AT SCHEVENINGEN: THE MORNING PROMENADE ON

DRAWN BY ST. REJCHAN



ASON AT SCHEVENINGEN: THE MORNING PROMENADE ON THE BOULEVARD

DRAWN BY ST. REJCHAN

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

THE "Moving Staircase" is a mechanical contrivance which many London shopkeepers have recently adopted. It is only necessary to step on the movable carpet and it carries you to its end. The system of promotion in Government offices in this country is the same. The candidate has only to obtain a nomination and to pass the examination which is requisite, and after those preliminary difficulties are overcome he has but to outlive his colleagues to reach the highest appointment in the office. The system has this disadvantage, that ability seldom succeeds. An able man frets at being commanded by men who are less energetic and perhaps less intelligent, and then he becomes unpopular, and is squeezed out of the office. If he is judicious, he conceals his contempt for his superiors, and becoming as supine and careless as they are, awaits events, and mechanically reaches the top. Thus the public is ill-served. The manifest negligence in some of the great departments has at length roused several prominent Members of Parliament, and a determined effort is to be made in the autumn to bring about their reform. One well-known Minister is strongly in favour of the projected movement.

Why is a Council for the Colonies not formed? It should be composed of men who have acted for some length of time as Colonial Governors, or who have long experience as Government officials of life in the Colonies. The Council might consider all questions which arise concerning Colonial matters, and report upon them to the Colonial Minister. With their assistance he could gain an insight into the requirements of the Colonies which he is unable to acquire now—for the average Minister, when he accepts office, has little or no experience of the subjects his department has to deal with. Besides, it seems to be an undue waste of good material to allow well-trained, able, and experienced Governors, after they have retired or relinquished their appointments, to dissociate themselves entirely from the work which they have had in hand.

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Burying timber to prevent the fire from spreading
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Princess Maria Theresa Ex-Queen Isabella Queen Maria Christina

Queen Maria Christina, with her daughter, has been visiting her mother-in-law, ex-Queen Isabella, at Compiègne. Our illustration is from a photograph by C. Chusseau-Flaviens

TWO SPANISH QUEENS

Lord Roberts—An Appreciation

By A RETIRED REGULAR

WHEN Lord Roberts acceded to the exalted position of supreme military chief of the British Army, at home and abroad, some of his warmest admirers questioned whether he would prove as successful as during his fighting career. Having served in India for many years contemporaneously with "Bobs," I may claim some little knowledge of where his strength lies, and where his weakness—that is, from the standpoint of personal preference and aptitudes. He has never been an "office man"; he hates that kind of work, whether light or hard. Stories used to be told of the sadness which would come over him when appointed to some post affording little or no opportunity for action. On one occasion, he actually, it was said, let drop an expletive on learning that this was to be his fate. I rather doubt the truth of this tale, knowing as I do how strongly Roberts objected to the use of strong language whether by officers or by the rank and file. It comes back to my recollection how scornfully and fiercely he, still a young man, delivered himself when a certain martinet colonel, notorious for his swearing propensities, broke loose on parade one day with even more than customary violence. "The fellow should have been a costermonger," remarked the angry gunner. Did he enjoy it, I wonder, when shortly afterwards an Inspecting General, equally given to verbal brutalities, objurgated that comminatory colonel in the presence of his regiment? We who belonged to the gallant corps mightily relished this turning of the scales against our ferocious chief, but he took the conceit out of us after the departure of his high-swearing superior.

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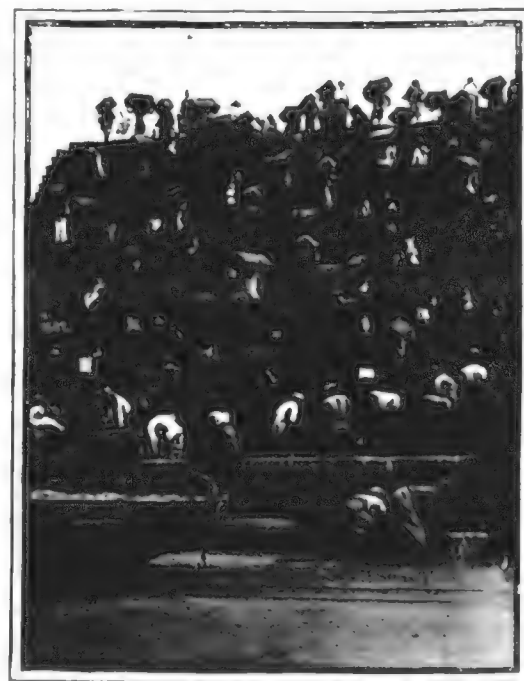
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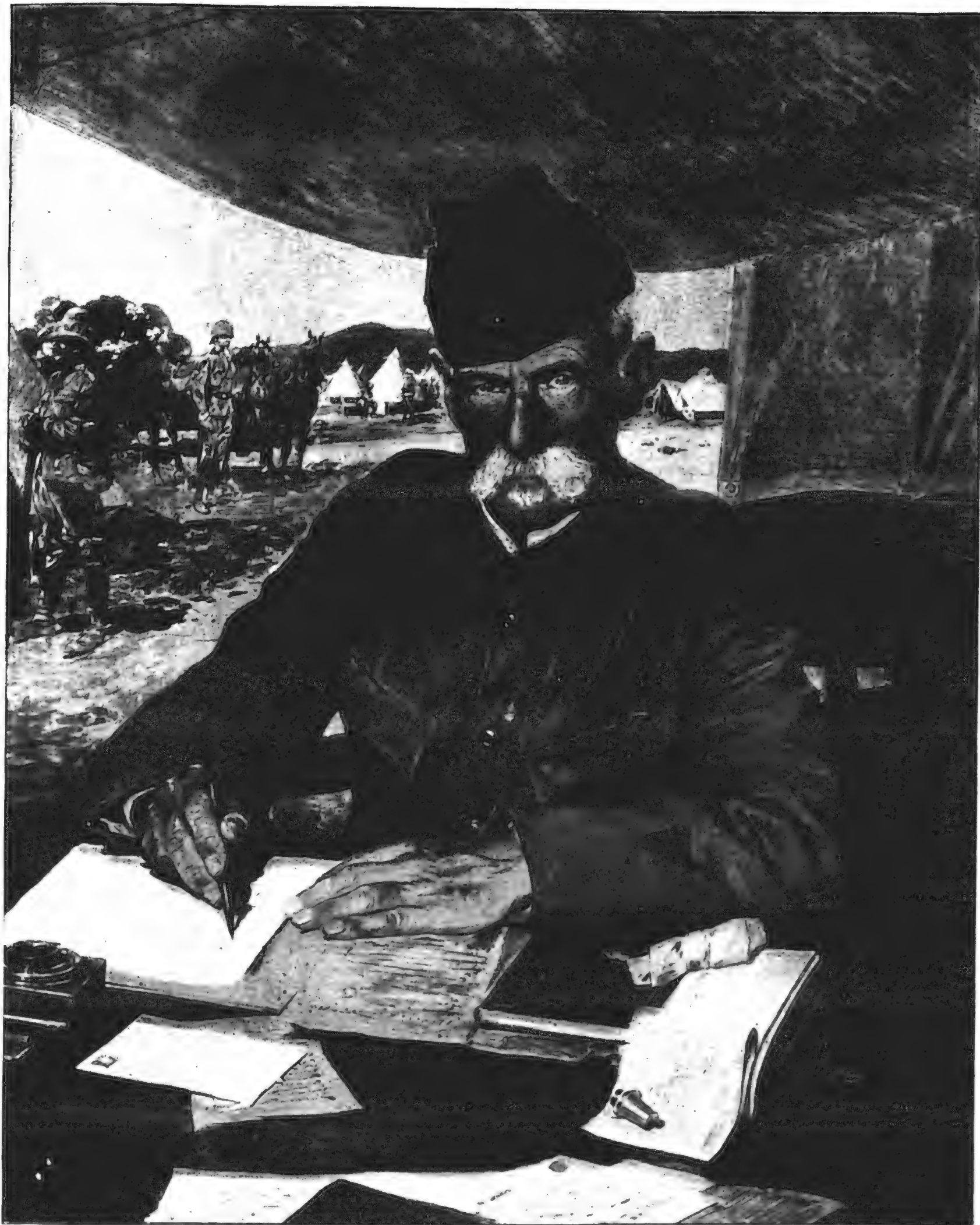
Two Spanish Queens

FEW portraits of living personages recall such a wealth of stormy historical reminiscences as that of the ex-Queen Isabella. Her infancy—at three years old she succeeded her father in 1833—was marked by the Carlist insurrection, when her uncle, refusing to recognise the abrogation of the Salic law, vainly endeavoured to wrest her crown from her. Then, again, her marriage with Don Francis d'Assisi, at the instigation of M. Guizot, nearly caused a breach between France and England, the latter showing much irritation at the rejection of her nominee, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. Next came a long series of internal intrigues and insurrections, which finally culminated in the decisive revolution of 1868, when she had to fly the country, and two years later abdicated in favour of her son Alphonso XII. Even when the latter eventually succeeded in ascending the throne, her ill-fortune pursued her, as a coolness arose between her and the King, whose marriage with the ill-starred Princess Mercedes of Montpensier she strongly but ineffectually opposed. Since her

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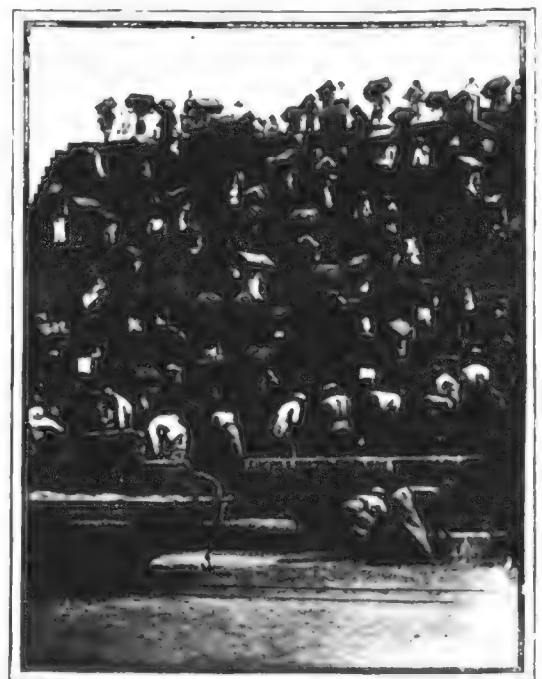
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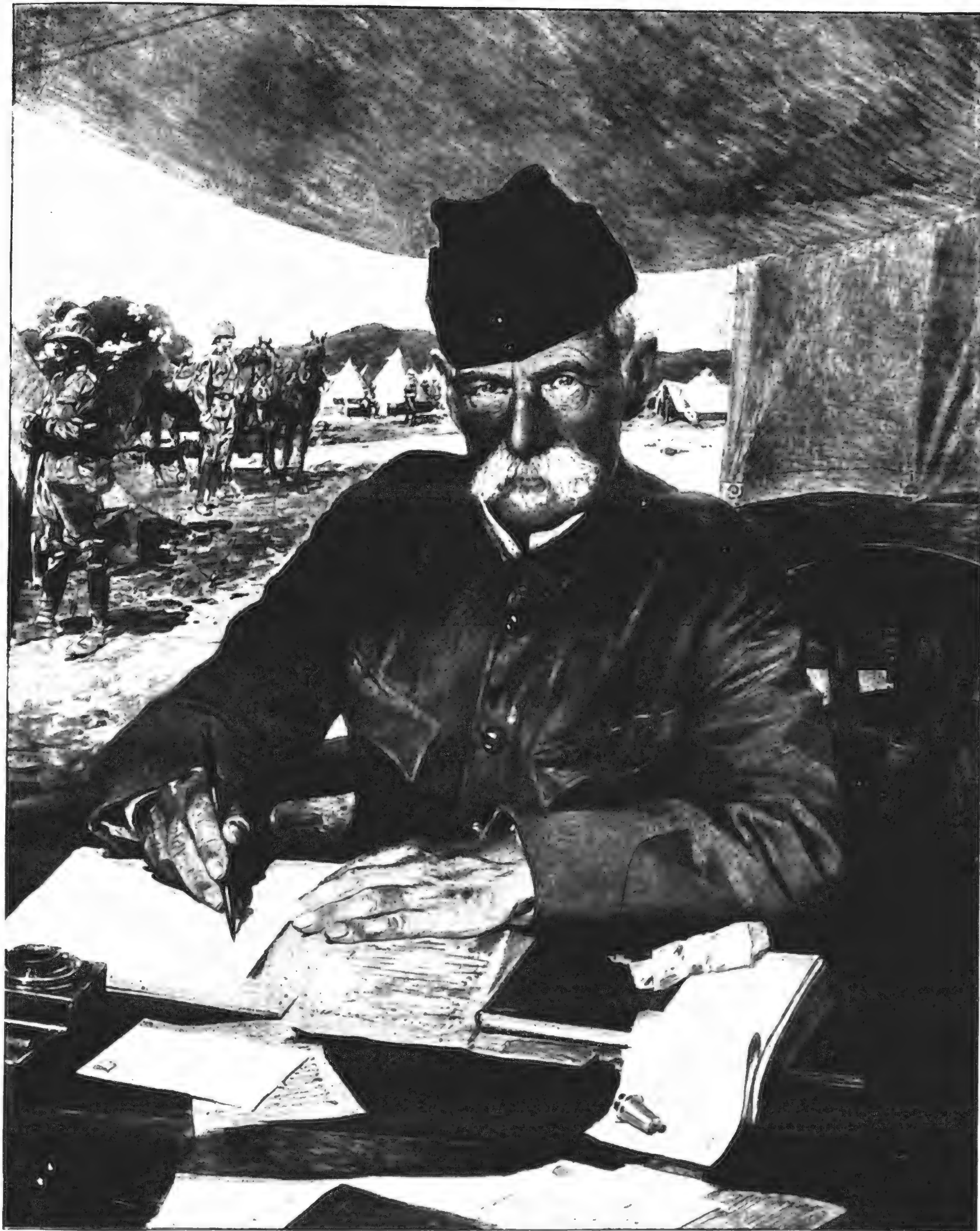
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Excavations at Ephesus

EXTENSIVE excavations are now being made at Ephesus by an Austrian Expedition, and the work first undertaken by Mr. Wood is being continued with much success, as our illustrations evidence. That the discoveries are of the highest historical and archaeological interest is manifest, as Ephesus was essentially the arena in which the luxury of the East was destined to do battle with the more spiritual culture of the Hellenic world. According to tradition, the origin of the city was Oriental. The Amazons were said to have been its founders; but it was not long before Androclus, son of Codrus the Athenian, led a colony thither. The Hellenic element waxed strong. Ephesus became one of the twelve great Ionic cities of Asia, and its prosperity was due to the cult of the famed "Diana of the Ephesians" in the first place, and subsequently to the city having become a great centre of trade. "Diana," of course, is only the translation of "Artemis," found in the Greek Testament; and the latter is merely the name given by the Greeks to the great nature goddess of the East, appearing among many peoples under many names, Ishtar, Ashtoreth, etc., a conception far removed from the chaste deity of the Greeks. The permanence of the Hellenic element was due largely to the situation of the city in the fertile plain of the Cayster and the excellent harbourage, further improved by an artificial canal which brought the trading vessels right up to the city walls. Hence Ephesus became a great commercial emporium, so much so that under the Roman Empire she is found striving for Imperial recognition as the chief city of Asia against Smyrna and Pergamus.

The city, thoroughly Hellenic in its arrangement, occupied the high ground of Mount Coressus and, to a less extent, Mount Prion. The great gymnasium lay in the plain to the west of the former, and immediately behind it was the forum, the scene of the riot mentioned in Acts xix. The theatre was also situated in this quarter, cut in the side of the mount, the Odeum lay to the

south, and the Magnesian gate to the south-east. All three were connected by a road. The great temple, one of the seven wonders of the world, was some distance from the city, and the sacred processions, after leaving it, were wont to enter the city by the Magnesian gate, and to return by the Coressian

future mistress of the world, were both Ephesians. But great as she was, she only enjoyed brief moments of freedom—at least, as understood by the Greeks. Lydia, Persia, Macedonia, and Rome, were in turn her suzerains, and though she took active part in political affairs as a "home of lost causes" by supporting Mithridates and Brutus and Cassius, yet, had fortune been otherwise, it would only have meant for her an exchange of masters.

The glory of the temple lasted long, in spite of the fact that in 371 A.D. the general council of the Christian Church was held there; in fact, it only fell with the fall of the city, and the credit of the discovery of its ruins rests with Mr. Wood, who superintended the general work of excavation on behalf of the trustees of the British Museum, 1863-1874.

Now on the site of this once magnificent city is nothing but a wretched village, Ayasuluk. Even this name is interesting, however, since it is a corruption of one of the Greek titles (ἀγιος Οὐλοῦτος) of Saint John. Our photographs are by C. H. A. Ward, R.N.



The Lord Mayor of Manchester last week returned the colours of the 5th Battalion Manchester Regiment to Colonel Crosbie. The colours have been hanging in the Town Hall while the battalion has been on active service in South Africa. Our photograph is by R. Banks, Manchester.

AFTER THE WAR: RESTORING COLOURS TO A MILITIA BATTALION

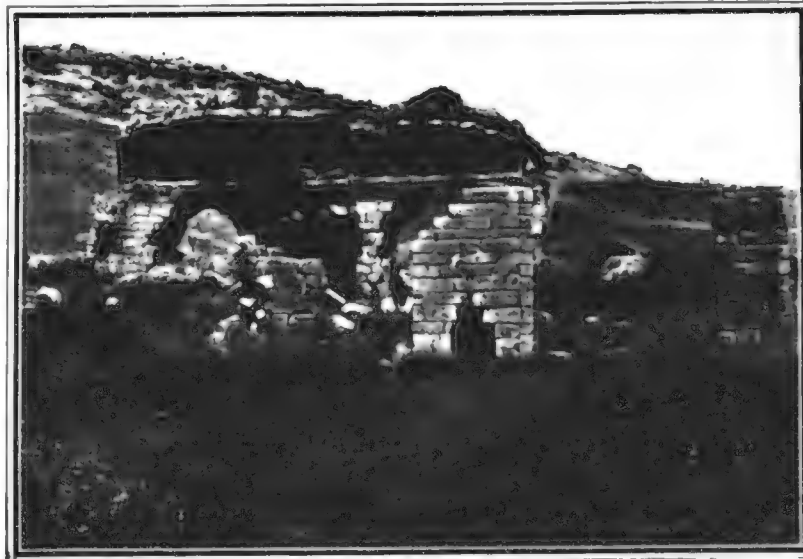
gate, which lay to the north of the mount. Not only trade flourished at Ephesus, but also art and letters; Heraclitus, one of the founders of Greek philosophy, and Hermodorus, who assisted the decemviri at Rome to draw up the laws of the

younger generation of painters have grown more and more restive under its tutelage, and the idea of the "Salon d'Automne" is the outcome. It is to be essentially the "Salon des jeunes."

PARIS is to be endowed with yet another great picture exhibition. This is the "Autumn Salon," which is to be held in the month of November. It will be an interesting departure, as it proposes to emancipate itself entirely from the influence of the "Institut." The two spring salons are completely under the thumb of that powerful State institution. It presides over the destiny of the French artist from the cradle to the grave. Unless he conforms with its preconceived notions he cannot get a travelling scholarship, receive the Prix de Rome, be admitted to the Salons, or receive the coveted Legion of Honour. The



RUINS OF THE GREAT GYMNASIUM



REMAINS OF THE MAGNESIAN GATE AND OPHISTHOLEPRIAN GYMNASIUM



REMAINS OF THE THEATRE, THE SCENE OF THE RIOT MENTIONED IN ACTS XIX.



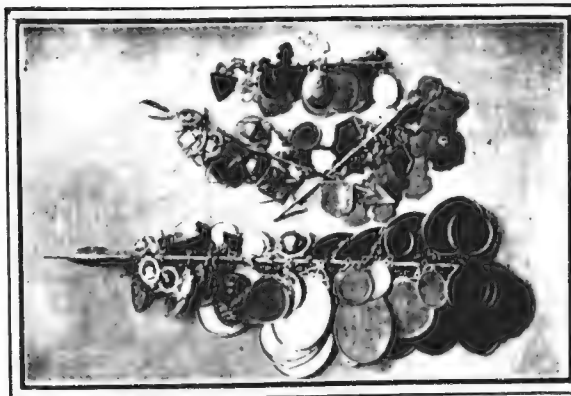
REMAINS OF THE FORUM AT THE BACK OF THE THEATRE

THE EXCAVATIONS AT EPHEBUS

The Royal Company of Archers

By CHARLES LOWE

THE Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, who are the Sovereign's immediate bodyguard, or "nearest guard," in England, have their counterpart in the Royal Company of Archers, who have the same high duties and privileges in Scotland; and at the Coronation of Edward VII. their noble commander, called Captain-General—to whom George IV. presented a gold stick, thus constituting his company part of the Royal household—will take his place immediately behind the Gold Stick of England, who, as Colonel of the Life Guards, is, on all ceremonial occasions, nearest the Sovereign's own person. The Kings of France, commencing with Louis XI., had a regular bodyguard of Scottish Archers, as readers of "Quentin Durward" do not require to be reminded; but when the King of Scotland adopted the same kinds of personal protection is lost, like so many other things, among the dust and mist of antiquity. In Scotland the bow, as an offensive arm, was never so popular or so effective a weapon as it always was in the hands of the English, for the reason, as has been shrewdly pointed out by a learned and acute student of national character, that it was against the temperament of the Scots to play at long bowls in battle, and that they had little patience with goose-winged arrows while carrying swords and spears wherewith to get home at once upon their opponents. Be that as it may, the practice of



1. OLD MUSSELBURGH ARROW, 1603-1712
2. PEEBLES SILVER ARROW
3. SELKIRK SILVER ARROW
4. MUSSELBURGH ARROW, 1713

Duke of Buccleuch, to guarantee the safety of Her Majesty's sacred person on the occasion of the grand Volunteer Review in the Queen's Park, as they did on a similar occasion in 1882, amid weather that could only be described as terrible.

Again, when the Queen opened the Glasgow Exhibition several years ago, the streets of the western capital resounded with the proud martial tramp of Her Majesty's Scottish Bodyguard in their dark green tunics (formerly of the "Black Watch" tartan), with

as a sash, adorned with two arrows forming a St. Andrew's cross surmounted by a crown; a black leather waist-belt with rich chased gold clasp; a short, gilt-headed Roman sword, like an English bandsman's; Highland bonnet with thistle and eagle feather. Yes, eagle's; for all the members of the Archer Bodyguard, numbering about six hundred, or an infantry battalion on peace footing, are men of distinguished birth or gentle blood and breeding—the social cream of Scotland, in fact; and their Captains-General have always been the greatest nobles of the North, men like the Duke of Atholl, the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Wemyss, the Duke of Montrose, the Earl of Dalhousie, and the Duke of Buccleuch. The mottoes on their colours, of which they have two sets, are "*Pro patria dulce periculum*," and "*Nemo me impune lacessit*." They might have added thereto the motto on the ancient banner of the Garde Ecosaise of the Kings of France: "*In omni modo fidelis*." To belong to the Royal Company of Archers at Edinburgh is a social distinction like being elected to the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes.

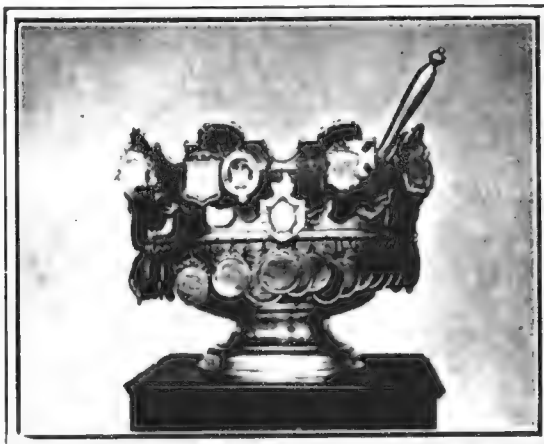
But in the case of the former, its pastime does not take the form of yachting, but of jerking arrows into round targets at the distance of nine score yards (which is twenty yards less than the shortest Bisley distance) on their ranges in the pleasant Meadows, with the Braid Hills and the towering Pentlands in the background. The prizes they shoot for are numerous and varied, including an annual money guerdon of 20*l.*—first given by the Scottish Privy Council



DAVID, FOURTH EARL OF WEMYSS
Captain-General 1715-1720
From a Picture in the possession of Mr. Henry G. Watson

archery in the North was enforced by legislation, forming at once a popular pastime and a warlike pursuit—*decus et tutamen in armis*; and curiously enough the oldest toxophilite association in the kingdom is now a Scottish one—the Royal Company of Archers, who form the King's Bodyguard for Scotland.

This proud Corporation claims a very ancient origin, its members being pleased to think that their predecessors even hedged around the person of their King at Flodden Field; but, as a matter of positive fact, their records do not carry the curious investigator back beyond the year 1676, which, after all, gives them considerably more than two centuries of continuous existence. At the instance of their Captain-General, the Earl of Cromarty, the Archers procured from Queen Anne a fresh charter renewing all their former rights and privileges, and conferring others, all of which were to be held of the Crown for the *reddendo* of a pair of barbed arrows—a service which was duly performed to George IV. when he visited Edinburgh in 1822, and which was also repeatedly rendered to Queen Victoria. When her late Majesty's uncle landed at Leith—with Sir Walter Scott for his Champion-in-Chief—his carriage was at once surrounded by the Archers, representing all the best families of Scotland—for a man had to be of "gentle blood" and upbringing, like Dugald Dalgetty, to get into their ranks—and escorted him, at a foot-pace, to Holyrood; while, at the ensuing receptions held by His Majesty, they lined the staircase and presence-chamber, thus performing the same duties at Holyrood Palace as the Gentlemen-at-Arms do at St. James's—hence the King's presentation to their Captain-General of a gold stick. In 1842, when the Queen herself visited Edinburgh, the Archers were again to the front, just as in 1860 they once more turned out in all their verdant bravery with baldrics and Balmoral bonnets, under their Captain-General, the



SILVER PUNCH BOWL AND LADLE BELONGING TO THE ROYAL COMPANY

black braid facings and a narrow stripe of crimson velvet in the centre; shoulder wings and gauntleted cuffs similarly trimmed; dark green trousers with black and crimson stripe; a bow case worn



JOHN, FOURTH EARL OF HOPETOUN
Captain-General 1819-1823
As he appeared when presenting two barbed arrows to George IV., at Holyrood, August 15, 1822
From the Portrait by Sir John Watson Gordon, in Archers' Hall



DR. NATHANIEL SPENS
Admitted 1750, Died 1815
In the Field Uniform of the Royal Company, 1791
From the Portrait by Raeburn, in Archers' Hall

and revived by George III. in 1788—to be invested by the winner in the purchase of a piece of plate; silver arrows presented by the towns of Edinburgh, Musselburgh, Selkirk, Biggar and Montrose; a silver punch-bowl and ladle—always a coveted reward in those toddy-drinking parts; a richly ornamented Dalhousie Sword; a St. Andrew's Cross; a gold medal carrying one back to the time of Tippee, Sultan of Seringapatam—he, the truculent despot who tied his dungeon prisoners together by the legs, thereby causing Sir David Baird's fine old mother to clasp her hands and exclaim:—"God pity the chiel that's tied to oor Davie!"—a silver bugle horn (with which one might have summoned a seneschal to the gates of an ancient Border keep); and a "Papingo" competition, like to the Popinjay sport in "Old Mortality," or to the still practised *Adler-schiessen* at Potsdam.

The Royal Company have a large and handsome hall in the vicinity of their shooting ground on the Meadows—a hall, ornamented with many fine portraits of past members of their famous corps, where they meet to transact business, and, above all things, to dine—the latter duty, like that of eating one's way to the Bar, being one of the most onerous of their ordinary functions, in the exercise of which they exchange their field kit for a very smart mess costume. When King Edward, still as Prince of Wales visited Edinburgh in the summer of 1899, he paid the Royal Company of Archers, under their Captain-General the Duke of Buccleuch, the compliment of dining with them in the banquet hall of Holyrood House; and by the conspicuous presence of their commander at his Coronation, he will thereby confirm them in all the rights and privileges they have hitherto enjoyed as the Sovereign's Bodyguard for Scotland. Our illustrations are reproduced from the "History of the Royal Company of Archers," with the courteous permission of the author, Sir James Balfour Paul, and of the publishers, Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons.

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of the chest who might, by a timely visit to Davos,
be restored to health, but who cannot afford the
heavy expenses usually incurred at hotels. Admis-
sion is restricted to cases likely to derive considerable
and permanent benefit from climatic treatment.

The institution is conducted by an English Lady
Superintendent on the lines of English home life,
and without any denominational restrictions. The
payments made by the patients (at present 4 to 4½
francs a day) include board and residence, medical
attendance, and nursing, the only extra being
medicine and personal laundry expenses.

Applicants can obtain the necessary forms from
the HON. SECRETARY, DR. WM. EWART,
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DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Owing to the limited accommodation the applica-
tions have far exceeded the vacancies. The Com-
mittee therefore urgently appeal for funds to enable
them to provide the additional space which is re-
quired, and to extend to a greater number the
benefits of the Home.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Honorary
Secretary, or to WILLIAMS, DEACON AND
MANCHESTER AND SALFORD BANK
20, BIRCHIN LANE, E.C., or 2, COCKSPUR
STREET, S.W., and will be thankfully acknow-
ledged.

Musical Festivals

THE Musical Festivals this year are more numerous than ever, and although we have not at present heard more of the suggested Festival at Hanley, the provincial celebrations will be spread over practically the whole of September and October. There is also a talk of a short Festival at Bexhill-on-Sea. The Preston Guild propose to hold a four-day Festival in the first week of next month, and there are one or two Festivals of minor importance.

The first of the big Festivals is that at Worcester, which will commence on the 7th prox., the music then including a new Dedication Ode, "O Praise the Lord," composed for the Festival by Mr. Herbert Brewer. The other novelties will be an oratorio, *The Temple*, by Dr. Walford Davies, organist of the Temple Church in London, the third part of Dr. Horatio Parker's oratorio, *St. Christopher*, and Mr. Granville Bantock's *The Witch of Atlas*. The general programmes will, of course, comprise *Elijah* and *Messiah* (the profits on which pay the expenses of the entire Festival), besides Dr. Elgar's *Gerontius*, Handel's Coronation Anthem, and several symphonies. Mr. Ivor Atkins will conduct.

The Scarborough Musical Festival will begin on September 17. There will be no special novelties, but the programmes, which will, of course, comprise *Elijah* and *Messiah*, will include Stanford's *Revenge* and Berlioz's *Faust*. Dr. Cowen will conduct.

Sheffield will be one of the most important of this year's Musical Festivals. It will commence on October 1, and the novelties will be Dr. Henry Coward's *Gareth and Linet*, Bruneau's *Chansons à danser*, Dr. Elgar's Coronation Ode, Richard Strauss's *Wanderer's Storm Song*, Mr. Coleridge Taylor's cantata, *Meg Blanc*, and Volbach's symphonic poem for organ and orchestra, entitled *Easter*. The programme will likewise comprise *Elijah* and *Hymn of Praise*, Dvorák's *Stabat Mater* and Dr. Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*. Mr. Wood will conduct.

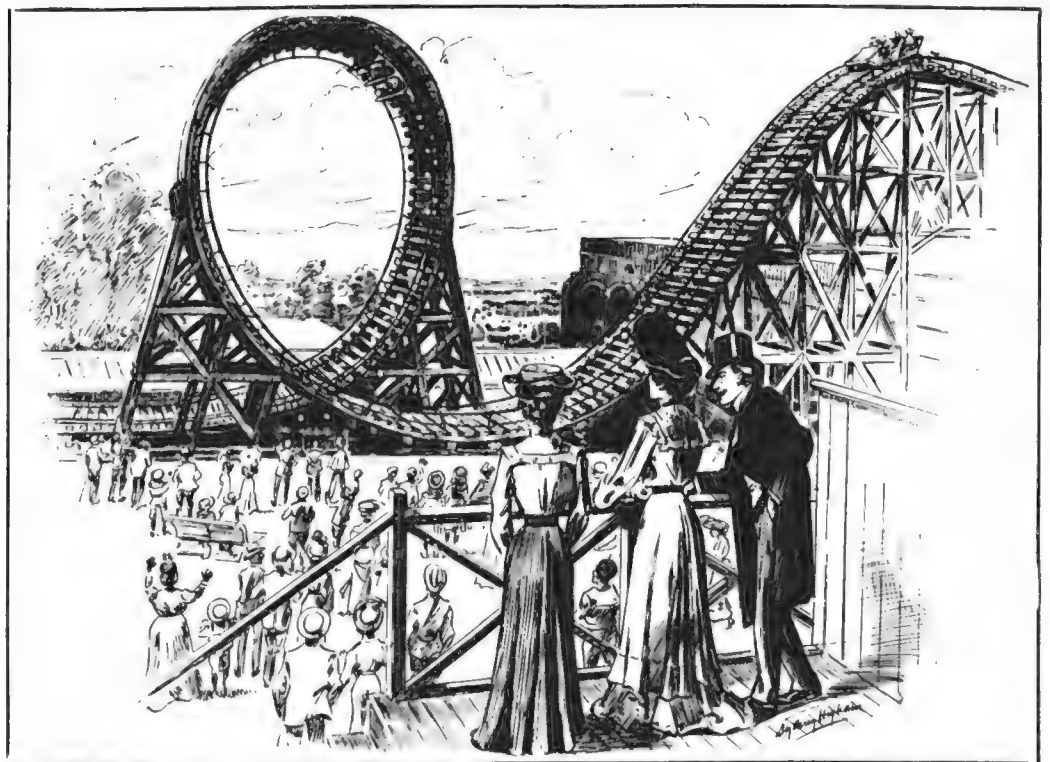
The Bristol Musical Festival will commence on October 8. The programmes will of course comprise *Elijah* and *Messiah*, and the novelties will be a Song Cycle for baritone by Mr. Roeckel and the whole of Dr. Parker's oratorio, *St. Christopher*. The programmes will likewise comprise Dr. Elgar's Coronation Ode, Mendelssohn's *Antigone* music (with Mrs. Brown Potter), Coleridge Taylor's *Hiawatha*, Berlioz's *Requiem*, and pianoforte solos for Mr. Borwick and M. Paderewski. Mr. Riseley will conduct, and Dr. Grieg has promised to conduct his orchestral "Recognition of Land."

The Cardiff Musical Festival will start on October 8. The quasi novelties will be César Franck's very French oratorio, *The Beatitudes*, and two orchestral tone pictures, entitled respectively *On the Heights* and *On the March*, by Mr. Arthur Hervey. The programmes include *Elijah*, Cowen's *Ruth*, Saint-Saëns' *Samson and Dalila*, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, Gluck's *Orpheus*, and Berlioz's *Faust*. Dr. Cowen will conduct.

The Norwich Musical Festival will commence on October 21. The novelties will include Dr. Cowen's Coronation Ode to Sir Lewis Morris's poem; Sir A. C. Mackenzie's new orchestral suite, *London Day by Day*; Mr. Hervey's concert overture, *Youth*; Dr. H. Parker's cantata, *A Star Song*; Mr. Herbert Bedford's love scene from *Romeo and Juliet*; Dr. Stanford's first Irish Rhapsody, a contralto scena, *Alceste*, by Mr. Frederick Cliffe; and Mr. A. Randegger Jun.'s dramatic cantata, *Werther's Shadow*. Sir Hubert

Parry's *Ode to Music*, will also be produced for the first time in public. Mr. Randegger will conduct.

In our Summer Number it should have been stated that the two pages, "That Wretched Hat" and "A Happy Day at the Seaside," were drawn from original sketches by Arthur M. Horwood.



The Crystal Palace Company have provided a new sensation in the shape of a "loop the loop" railway. The railway has been constructed in the north gardens of the Palace, in close proximity to the water chute, and the design is American. Cars containing two or four passengers ascend from a platform to a height of about 45 ft. by means of a chain cable, and at an angle of 28 degrees. At the top the car is automatically released and immediately descends a slope at an average angle of 45 degrees. During the descent it attains sufficient momentum to carry it round the "loop" and back to the platform, where it is brought to a standstill by means of an automatic brake. The "loop" round the inside of which the car travels is about 60 ft. high, is pear-shaped, and is constructed of wood, with steel rails. The circuit traversed is about 350 yards, and from start to finish the trip occupies a little over a minute. Each car possesses four wheels which run on the rails, and four other wheels—two each side—which run inside a top guard of steel, so that it is impossible for the car to leave the rails, even when it arrives at its upside-down position at the head of the loop, while the passengers are secured against falling out by a contrivance inside the car.

A TOPSY-TURVY RAILWAY: LOOPING THE LOOP AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE
DRAWN BY SYDNEY HIGHAM

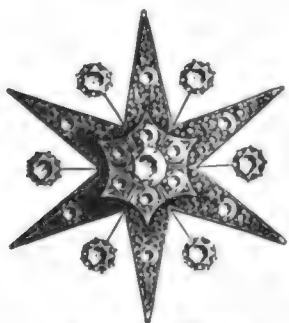
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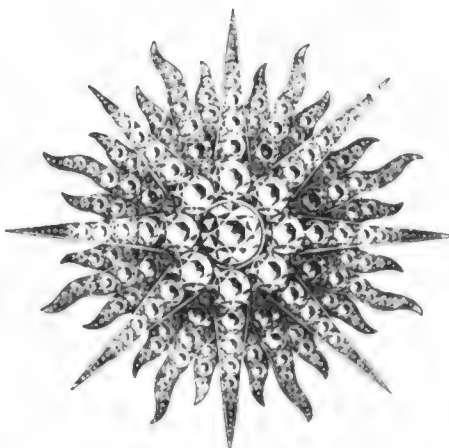
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power. There is no mystery.

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longer & make them whiter than cheap soaps
filled with adulterants.

Sunlight Soap



needs no boiling; no rubbing.

Our Bookshelf

"AN ENGLISH GIRL IN PARIS"

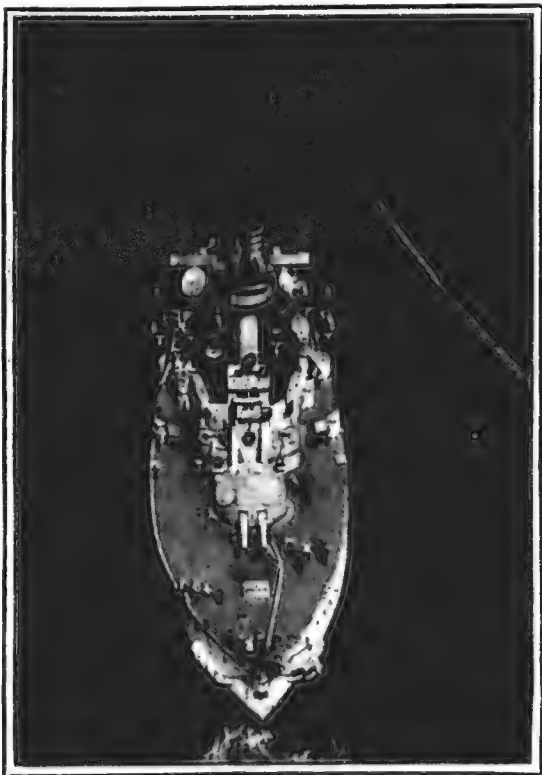
"AN English Girl in Paris" (John Lane) is anonymous. On the principle that it is a wise book that knows its own author, we are free to guess that Elizabeth of the Visits may possibly be something nearer than cousin to the Betty of the present volume. At the very least there is the amount of parentage implied in imitation. Betty is as keenly observant as Elizabeth of the little points of character that mean so much more than the big ones, and finds the same facility in conveying a complete portrait by a word: she is equally amusing, and in the same manner. And if she is less apt to call a blush to less ingenuous cheeks, it may be because she herself is a season or two older—we will not venture to suggest the exchange of a British for a French atmosphere as even a possible cause. That way heresy lies. At the same time, her Parisian experiences are calculated to support much that British tradition has regarded as heresy hitherto. "It is really astonishing what strangers we are to each other, we English and French," as she observes: "The ignorance is about equally balanced, though the prejudice engendered by it, I am inclined to think, is greater on our side than theirs." The circle of her observation is contained in a dozen chapters in which a Marriage, with all its diplomatic preliminaries, takes its inevitable prominence: the illusion of reality being cleverly maintained by making the conversations convey the whole effect of every-day Parisian French almost to the smallest turn of phrase, though without the help of a French word. In short, Betty is just as clever and amusing as a girl has any business to be.

"HISTORY OF BELGIUM"

Mr. Boulger, in the first volume of his "History of Belgium," acquires himself more than creditably of a task the difficulties and magnitude of which can hardly be exaggerated. Belgium, as an independent State, did not exist until 1831, when the Southern Netherlands separated from Holland. Until that year its history is, in a great measure, that of the Netherlands, and in a lesser degree of Burgundy. The first part or volume of the work represents the research and labour of three years. It begins with the invasion of that portion of Gaul inhabited by the Belgæ, in the year 57 B.C., and concludes with the battle of Waterloo, and is intended, says the writer, as a preliminary study to the history of Belgium, first as a portion of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, and secondly as an independent State. We doubt whether there is any country whose history is more eventful than that of Belgium, and certainly, as Switzerland is called the playground of Europe, so can the Netherlands be dubbed its battle-ground. The most renowned of the Belgian tribes was that of the Nervii, and though it cost him a great number of lives to subdue them, Cæsar so admired their courage, that they were granted the status of a Free People, exempted from taxation, and styled allies instead of the subjects of Rome. Roman supremacy endured until the fourth century, when the Franks appeared upon the scene. The Franks, it appears, were a league, and not a race. They were German and Belgian warriors, who declared their intentions to be "free" men. From them arose both the Merovingian and Carolingian kings of France. At the end of the eighth century all

*"History of Belgium." By Demetrius C. Boulger. (Published by the Author at 1, Edwarde's Square, Kensington.)

the Low Countries submitted to Charlemagne, and his death marks the true commencement of the early feudal period. And from this time down to the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, the Netherlands, notwithstanding its internal disputes, its many changes of dynasties and rulers, remained a Power to be reckoned with. In 1713 the Spanish provinces were transferred to Austria. In 1793 France declared war against Great Britain and the Stadtholder of Holland, and the French armies overran Belgium, and in the following year,



A BATTLESHIP PASSING THROUGH THE KIEL CANAL
From a Photograph by Carl Speck, Kiel

after the nominal victory of Fleurus, Belgium was declared to be united to France. The volume concludes with a spirited account of the Waterloo Campaign, in which the author particularises the part taken by the Belgian troops in the war.

"THE DEMAGOGUE"

Mr. Carlton Dawe, whose name is favourably associated with stories of the Far East, has not, in "The Demagogue" (Hodder

and Stoughton) been able to avoid the pitfalls that beset the polemical novel. It is indeed so entirely obvious that his onslaught on Ritualism could—like any other—by a change of *dramatis persone* and a re-arrangement of incidents, and without the slightest sacrifice of improbability, be converted into a defence, that this aspect of the work may be dismissed with no more than the necessary caution. The more important matter of the story is concerned with a well-meaning young Doctor who has given up medicine for Hyde Park lecturing or the duty of self-respect, Milton, and thing in general, and in conducting a co-operative workshop in a Chelsea slum. A rich and lovely young widow, Lady Casterton, falls in love with him at first sight while he is holding forth in the Park, but his good fortune is baffled by the fact of his already having a wife who, under the influences already noted, has become a fanatical Papist, and takes advantage of his sense of duty to make the home of her heretical husband as much more than a purgatory as she knows how. The tangle, however, is untwisted by her elopement with her Jesuit confessor and subsequent suicide: so that Lady Casterton is enabled to shock the society of cads and boodles in which she has hitherto moved by marriage with the anything but disconsolate widower. There is a notable lack of actuality about Mr. Dawe's pictures of society and portraiture generally, whether ecclesiastical or lay: nor are the working classes by any means so servile, so tyrannised over, or so impotent, as he assumes. Indeed in most respects he fights the air. But he shares in the Quixotic spirit of his hero; and there is no better spirit than that, whatever else a critic may feel obliged to say.

"THE ONE BEFORE"

How that "snappy little suburban-minded wife-bullying husband," Mr. Ernest Saunders Barley, was converted, against all ordinary laws of human nature, to honest golf and human nature, is the subject of one of Mr. Barry Pain's very best stories, "The One Before" (Grant Richards). The effect of a ring which conveys the character of its latest wearer to the next—as, for example, that of a professional lion-tamer to the painfully submissive Mrs. Barley—is more easily described by Mr. Pain than imagined by the most experienced reader. The resulting complications are innumerable; but, though based upon farce, their development belongs to the higher humour of comedy. Nor are they marred by any wearisomeness of sham science or psychological mystification. The story is as unaffected and as true to human nature as any old fairy tale, and as much to be enjoyed.

"THE CALL TO ARMS, 1900-1901"

This work treats of the Imperial Yeomanry movement, more particularly of the raising and war services of the 'Sharpshooters' Battalions, and is made up, to a great extent, of Army orders, Royal warrants, and long extracts from newspapers and speeches. In years to come it will, no doubt, be valuable as a book of reference and as a record of the war, but at present the facts are of too recent date for our memories to need refreshing on the subject. It was the author himself who initiated the formation of a corps of Volunteer sharpshooters, and of this he is naturally and deservedly proud, for not only have these particular squadrons of Imperial Yeomanry done most excellent service in the field, but their conduct throughout the campaign has been an example to every regiment in

*"The Call to Arms, 1900-1901." J. H. Seton-Karr, M.P. (Longmans.)

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'Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that good shall fall At last—far off—at last to all.'—Tennyson.

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the British Army. The second part of the book deals in detail with the Army rifle, a subject on which Mr. Seton-Karr is an authority. Its relative importance is discussed, and its value to a cavalryman as compared with the carbine. With regard to the rifle-shooting of our troops, it appears that though, according to some authorities, it is as good if not better than that of the Boers at long or medium distances, at a close range, of a 150 yards or less, our men had no chance with the enemy.

"THE EMPIRE OF BUSINESS"

The series of papers contained in Mr. Andrew Carnegie's new volume have, as might have been expected, no literary merit, but a certain shrewd, practical quality which entitles the book to a prominent place in the libraries of young men's institutes. In each chapter Mr. Carnegie expounds the gospel of success with great assiduity. He preaches thrift and the identity of the interests of capital and labour, and the sinfulness of millionaires leaving great riches to their sons. "There is only one thing to be said for this," he adds; "it furnishes one of the most efficacious means of rapid distribution of wealth ever known." Mr. Carnegie's model is the diligent apprentice who falls in love with his employer's daughter; but his advice to the diligent apprentice is always shrewd, as, for instance, when he writes:—

One false axiom you will often hear which I wish to guard you against: "Obey orders if you break owners." Always break orders to save owners. There never was a great character who did not sometimes smash the routine regulations and make new ones for himself. The rule is only suitable for such as have no aspirations, and you have not forgotten that you are destined to be owners, and to make owners and break orders. Do not hesitate to do it whenever you are sure the interests of your employer will be thereby promoted, and when you are so sure of the result that you are willing to take the responsibility. You will never be a partner unless you know the business of your department far better than the owners possibly can.

With the young man who says he never had a chance he will have nothing to do, assuming very rightly that the said young man has never taken his chances or even recognised them when they came. The prime condition, the great secret of success, is to concentrate your energy, thought, and capital exclusively on the business in which you are engaged. This is the royal road to being a millionaire, and any young man who follows the author's maxims, and looks neither to right nor left, may reasonably hope that in the fullness of time he will achieve vast wealth, though very possibly in the acquiring of it he will ruin his constitution, lose his power of enjoyment, and become a victim to all the chronic ills which peculiarly affect millionaires.

"THE UNSPEAKABLE SCOT" †

Mr. T. W. H. Crosland is a bold man. He has prepared an elaborate joke against a nation not popularly credited with any keen appreciation of humour, and in order to insure his joke not wholly missing fire, he has underlined every page of the book in which it is set forth with desperate insistence. Unluckily some people may be a little in doubt as to how far the writer is serious in his savage strictures on Scots, Scottish journalists, and Scottish literature, but there seems reason to believe that the writer has a definite point of view and—who knows?—possibly a grievance, and on the principle of aiming at the moon in order to hit a haystack he has indulged in violent abuse in order to drive some small amount of censure home. To Mr. Crosland, Scotland, her people,

* "The Empire of Business." By Andrew Carnegie. (Harpers.)

† "The Unspeakable Scot." By T. W. H. Crosland. (Grant Richards.)



On June 26, the date that was to have been Coronation Day, the foundation-stone was laid of the Memorial Church at Mafeking. The day was also commemorated by the planting of 600 trees by 600 children to form an avenue which is to be called "King Edward VII. Avenue." For the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the church, the garrison turned out voluntarily. The service was conducted by the Rev. Cyril Baker Marshall (grandson of the late Sir Samuel Baker), who has been temporarily working in Mafeking for the last two years. Funds are much required for the Memorial Church, and we feel sure that the fact only requires to be known for the necessary money to be subscribed. Our photograph is by D. Taylor, Mafeking.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE MEMORIAL CHURCH AT MAFEKING

and all her works are anathema, and he protests so much on the point that one is inclined to take a fighting brief for the other side. He is so abusive that one doubts the strength of his case, and yet for some of his strictures on the modern school of Scottish literature we may well be profoundly grateful, and among these many will be not a few Scots. This is where Mr. Crosland is at his best, though we cannot help feeling that he is most satisfied with himself when he is saying that he only knows three decent Scots, one of whom is half English, another half Irish, and the third half drunk.

"THE PHANTOM MILLIONS"

In "The Phantom Millions" (Arrowsmith) Mr. T. P. O'Connor has told the story of the Humbert affair in the most attractive manner. He has sketched out the life of Madame Humbert from her early childhood, when "she used," states Mr. O'Connor, "to carry, hidden in her corset, securities obtained heaven knows where!" through an unparalleled career, in which she obtained more than two millions and a half of money by the most intricate and daring schemes, down to that eventful day in May, when, with characteristic coolness, she announced her intention of taking a day's holiday, and, with her husband and child, disappeared into space. The story is as thrilling as any lover of the sensational could wish, and it has the additional merit of being fact, not fiction.

Notes from the Magazines

MARCONI'S AMBITION

AN interesting paper in the *Pall Mall* brings forward one or two points in connection with wireless telegraphy which may not be generally known. Perhaps few people are aware how much has already been actually accomplished. Marconi at the present time has effected a contract with Lloyd's for the equipment of all the coast stations operated by that concern, an arrangement which virtually means that every British ship of any value will in due course install his instruments also, that she may be assured of the certainty of being able to communicate with these look-outs. He has to-day eleven ocean liners, and thirty-five land stations, in the British Isles and on the North American seaboard, fitted with his apparatus, and he is making plans for equipping the Allan Line, the Atlantic Transport Line, the Elder Dempster Line, and several other shipping aggregations with his "aerograph;" he is extending it to the Mediterranean, Congo, and Soudan, and he claims for it that it will not merely do away with the necessity of a Pacific cable, but accomplish far more than any Pacific cable could, for so far from only bringing Canada and Australia into communication, it would bring every territory in the Pacific area into touch with all the others.

Others of Marconi's schemes may sound visionary and unpractical, but he

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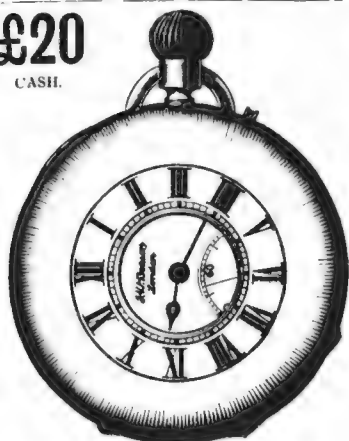
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speaks with a knowledge of what he has done and what he believes he can do. He discussed with the late Cecil Rhodes the idea of the aerograph instead of the wire for the famous Cape-to-Cairo line. He shrewdly holds that the cost of wires would make the existing line a burdensome one to maintain, whereas his stations would reduce the cost to a minimum. The same argument he applies to the wild Siberian steppes and to the blizzard-swept prairies of Western America. But for the difficulties at present in the way of the carriage of such appliances as would be required for the generating of the needed electric force, we should probably be reading of explorers in savage lands taking along the instruments and reporting their progress through the wilds of Africa, the fastnesses of Brazil, or the deserts of Tibet. But if that lure of mystery for so many generations—the North Pole—should defy discovery for a few years longer, there is no reason why the explorer in Greenland, Franz Josef Land, or Herschell Land, should not set up a "Lore" station at his headquarters and telegraph his movements south during the whole time of his stay.

As to the possibilities of the invention in naval warfare, they are limitless, and "the naval battles of the future are likely to be revolutionised by the increasing utility of this contrivance, and the most fantastic conceptions of present-day fiction are doomed to be eclipsed, besides the actualities of the struggles which will then ensue upon the seas." One of the ideas which most appeals to us, though, is of a Polar research party keeping friends at home in full knowledge of the progress accomplished and of the well-being of the explorers.

THE ST. VINCENT EXPLOSION

The *Century* contains much very interesting matter relative to the Martinique disaster. Particularly notable, in view of the fact that in St. Pierre itself no survivors, except one half-demented negro, were left to tell the tale of the days preceding the eruption, are the extracts from *Les Colonies*, the leading newspaper in the doomed town. They record very fully all the incidents of the preceding week, including a very full account of an excursion to Mont Pelée to investigate the activity of the mountain and try and arrive at a conclusion as to whether the activity of the past few days gave cause for future alarm. One party of excursionists would seem to have found the crater inaccessible, but the writers of the last narrative, in spite of rather terrifying experiences, announce: "We think the organisers of the Mont Pelée excursion who thought it best to postpone the same were quite ill-advised. The mountain is perfectly accessible. It is our intention soon to return to it and to lay before our readers a more interesting and complete account of the future ascension." Then an editorial announces that tomorrow being Ascension Day the paper will not appear again until Friday. But for the editor and staff and all St. Pierre there was no Friday.

Turning from St. Pierre to St. Vincent, we know now that though the loss of life was providentially far less because there was no populous city lying at the foot of the volcano, yet as a natural phenomenon the Soufrière eruption was far greater than that either of Vesuvius or Mont Pelée. It was fiercer and more terrific, the territory which it devastated was far wider, and the changes which it wrought were more surprising. The most interesting account of the St. Vincent eruption is furnished by Captain Calder, Chief of the St. Vincent Police, who, it may be remembered, also wrote on the subject for *THE GRAPHIC*; and, incidentally, there is given this vivid little picture of the man who not merely wrote graphically of the disaster, but was largely instrumental in saving the lives of the demoralised and terrified inhabitants. For as much as seventy hours at a stretch, with only insufficient food hastily swallowed at long intervals, he remained on duty, managing his constables in person, and setting the example of devotion and loyalty to duty.

Captain W. Jameson Calder was born in North Berwick, Scotland, and prides himself upon being "initially Scotch." He has been for twelve years in the colonial service, and was transferred to St. Vincent from Jamaica in April, 1902. Herculean in figure, standing six feet five inches in his shoes, he is a natural leader of men. He went to Châteaubelair in his eight-oared police boat. After landing, some of his men became panic-stricken, and pleaded with him to return to the boat, and two of them actually fled back to it. But Captain Calder induced them to return to duty by what he styled "a little Scotch persuasion." This, as I afterward found by questioning Dr. Hughes, the Leeward medical officer, who was a witness to the incident, consisted in pulling the two

men bodily out of the boat and then knocking their heads together afterward, as I was told by another eye-witness, when the explosion at its height, and death seemed likely at any moment, he turned corporal, a full-blooded Carib, and gave his men permission to take boat and escape. "It is my duty," he said, "to remain with these people to their safety, if possible." And he waved his hand toward the islanders, many of whom were on their knees, praying and shrieking, and that the judgment day had arrived. The Carib corporal, however, was outdone in bravery. Saluting, he replied: "Chief, we stay with you."

This was the man who guided a stream of fugitives into complete safety and was himself knocked senseless, remaining semi-conscious for over half an hour, because he relinquished the board which was keeping over his head as a protection from the terrible pour of stones in order to carry two children for a desperate mother of eight.

The "North Pole" Restaurant, Dartford



THE "NORTH POLE" RESTAURANT, DARTFORD



THE DINING-ROOM OF THE "NORTH POLE" RESTAURANT, DARTFORD
LORD GREY'S PUBLIC-HOUSE TRUST ASSOCIATION

Those interested in Earl Grey's Public-House Trust movement may be interested in this new refreshment house which one of the directors of the Kent Public-House Trust Company has just completed in connection with his iron works at Dartford. This building, designed in the Free Renaissance style, stands at the corner of Hythe Street and Priory Lane and Trevithick Road. There are two main entrances, one of which leads to the bar, which will be largely used for the sale of aerated and iced drinks. Articles of food will also be sold here, but no intoxicants, as no license has yet been obtained for the house. The second entrance leads to the dining-rooms, of which there are altogether four. Two of these are large dining-halls, one is a commercial-room and one a private room.

Both dining halls will be fitted with movable partitions so that they can be divided to suit requirements, and it is intended that one half of the upper dining-room shall be made into a ladies' room. There is also an emergency exit from the upper dining-room direct into the street besides the ordinary entrance to it. The commercial-room is on the first floor over the bar and has accommodation for some twenty customers. There is also one other small room which will be utilised for small private dinners. A special feature in all the dining-rooms consists in the decorations of the windows. Seeing that the look-out from the rooms is not particularly attractive, these windows have all been filled in with transparent photographs of a high order of merit, those in the ground floor dining-room represent a number of celebrated yachts, and are by Messrs. G. West and Son, of Southsea. Those in the first floor dining-room represent scenes in Venice and in other places on the coast of the Adriatic, and were produced by Messrs. Youens from photographs which Mr. Hesketh took when travelling there in the early part of this year. The transparent photographs in the commercial-room were also reproduced by Messrs. Youens from photographs taken by Mr. Gill and Mr. Hesketh in Egypt last year.

The name which has been given to this house—the "North Pole"—bears reference to the immense amount of refrigerating machinery manufactured in the engineering works of J. and E. Hall, Ltd., adjacent to it. Our photographs are by E. C. Youens, Dartford.

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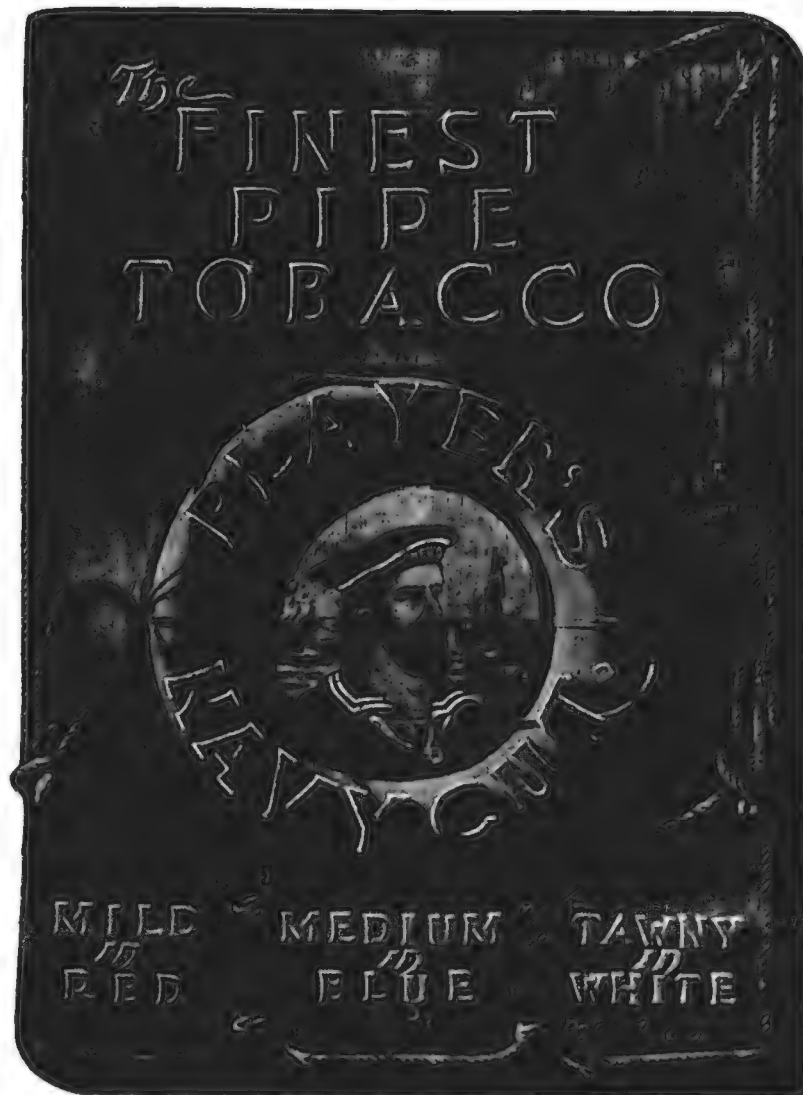
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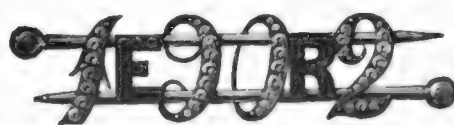
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE sunshine records this summer have been very low in Scotland, Ireland, and London, but rather good in the West of England and in the Channel Islands. In July London had twenty hours more sunshine than Edinburgh, and some of the Irish stations had only half the London sunshine, which yet was 40 hours less than Cornwall, and 50 than the Channel Islands. The London deficiency is clearly by no means wholly the consequence of fog or smoke. France, roughly speaking, has an hour's more sunshine daily than England, which is a thing worth considering when one's summer holiday is in the balance, patriotic as one may ordinarily be. It is the very sunless character of the western and southern part of Ireland which tends more than anything else to keep away visitors. There are, however, good sunshine records from some of the seaside places on the East Coast of Ireland. The rainfall for the last three weeks has been rather under the mean, despite the heavy thunder-showers experienced at some places. It need hardly be remarked that the rainless and hot St. Swithin's Day was followed this year by a period of cool and showery weather. The most curious thing about this season is that while the summer temperature has been seriously below the average, the crops generally, including the sun-loving cereals, appear to be satisfactory. Of the thirteen weeks of summer, nine have expired, and the total deficit of heat is 135 degrees. The tennis lawns, golfing greens and cricket patches have gained in beauty and verdure from "the green summer," but

the first-named are often too soft, and the ball does not rise properly. In such cases the red marl, such as has been used so profitably at Leyton Cricket Ground and elsewhere, might be tried as a species of top-dressing, wetted and rolled in. The want of warmth has made it a bad river season; so far there have been extremely few campers out.

THE HARVEST

Wheat is reckoned a full thirty bushels on about 1,900,000 acres, which is a yield of 57,000,000 bushels altogether. The crop will also be quite ten per cent. above the average in the yield of straw, which at 40s. the load is an appreciable addition to the farmers' profits. The barley crop is backward, and will seldom commence reaping before the 18th inst. A yield of thirty bushels is not likely to be exceeded in England, but the Scots farmers who make a speciality of barley in Fife, Forfar, Haddington and the Lothians look for forty bushels. The year has, however, been so much against barley that we fear this expectation can hardly be realised. The crop is bulky, but the heads seem small. Oats are the cereal crop of the year, cold and showery weather suiting their habit. The scythe and the sickle are already being used. England is hoping to repeat the fine yield of 1899, and Scotland expects over forty bushels in some counties, notably in Fife, Forfar and the Lothians. Rye is being secured and is a good crop to the acre. About fifty thousand acres are in cultivation in England and nearly 200,000 quarters should be obtained. Beans in England are expected not to exceed three quarters to the acre. In Scotland only two counties, Stirling and Perthshire, devote any material

area to beans. They expect four quarters to the acre this season. Peas are thought by some to be a larger crop than beans, which from Lincolnshire, a most important county, advices are of exactly the opposite tenor. Perhaps a yield of three quarters to the acre may be anticipated, on 155,000 acres. Potatoes are a promising crop, quite six tons to the acre are looked for in the chief potato-growing regions; the West of Scotland, indeed, anticipates some bumper crops in Ayrshire, Renfrew and Dumbarton.

DAIRY INTERESTS

Sir Edward Strachey is making praiseworthy efforts to get it made unlawful to offer for sale any butter substitute containing more than twenty per cent. of water. He is also pressing on Parliament the desirability of preventing butterine being so coloured as to resemble butter. The proposal to make it illegal to manufacture certain imitations of butter is more drastic, we fancy, than the House of Commons will allow, for to be effective it would need to be enforced by a private inquisition of a most offensive description. Mr. Kearley is endeavouring to get Parliament to insist on a proper descriptive label or wrapper for all dairy produce other than milk and cream. There seems to be no reason why vendors of any solid should decline to sell it in a properly descriptive wrapper, so that the purchaser would be guaranteed as to what he was getting. In many shops it would be a great saving of time and trouble to have the articles already wrapped up on the counter, especially where the buyers take, in the great majority of cases, a given quantity, such as a pound or half a pound. The postal authorities, we are glad to say, are facilitating parcel deliveries in a way very helpful to dairy farmers.

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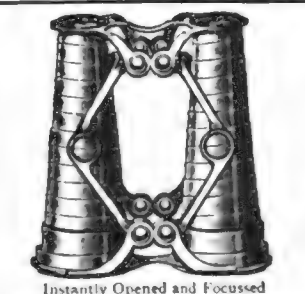
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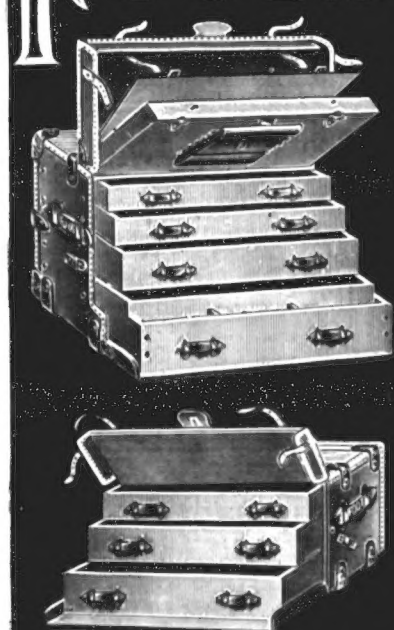
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